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MISS LUCY BUCKSTONE.

FREDERICK
LEMAITRE.

BY GEORGE BURKE.

(Continued from page 228.)

IN some drama or other, I forget which one, there is a banquet scene. Lemaitre plays the host, invites some young noblemen to drink champagne with him. The cork is drawn and a servant in grand livery fills the glasses. Lemaitre raises his glass to his lips, sips a little, makes a grimace and cries out to the servant: "You rascal, go and give my compliments to the manager and say I wish to see him." The servant goes off, the actors look at one another amazed, and the audience, who have no idea of the cause of the "wait," at first remain silent and then get angry and impatient. Lemaitre keeps his seat and calmly witnesses the rising storm. Several people come to the wings and entreat him to go on. His answer invariably is: "Tell the manager I want to see him." The parterre becomes more and more noisy, but he remains as calm and immovable as Diogenes in his tub. Finally the manager makes his appearance.

"Monsieur," says Frederick, with the most magnificent *sang-froid* imaginable, "it would seem that you mean to disgrace me. I have invited my friends here not to drink this ignoble *limonade gazeuse*, but champagne, genuine champagne. Be so good as to send us some. We will wait."

The expression of the manager's face may be more easily imagined than described. The spectators stamped and cheered their heartiest, and it was not until after the arrival of some genuine wine that the actor would consent to continue the scene.

If Lemaitre showed a want of respect for his managers, so he sometimes showed a want of consideration for his colleagues; as a rule, he did not like to have others applauded in his scenes. One night as he came on the stage carrying a boy supposed to be dead, the audience applauded the boy very heartily for the manner in which he acted, whereupon Lemaitre let him fall heavily; but hard as the fall was the boy did not stir a muscle. Renewed applasne. "Ah, ha!" says



FREDERICK LEMAITRE.

Frederick, "we shall see who will laugh last." He bends over the pretended corpse, bathes it in tears, and, unobserved by the audience, tickles it in the ribs. The boy resists, Lemaitre continues to tickle him; at first the boy makes a convulsive movement, then unable longer to withstand the tickling, he rolls over, making violent movements with all his limbs. The poor fellow is unmercifully hissed, while the real criminal is not even suspected.

We could easily multiply anecdotes of this character, but it is with Lemaitre's career as an artist we have to do rather than with what only illustrates the peculiarities of his disposition.

After having been for a time at the Odeon, Lemaitre returned to the Porte Sainte Martin, where, among other creations of his there were two characters that deserve special mention; Richard in *Richard d'Arlington* and Gennaro in *Lucrèce Borgia*. When the latter piece was cast, Victor Hugo gave him his choice between Alphonse d'Este and Gennaro. Lemaitre chose the latter, saying:—"The former is sure to be effective; the other, on the contrary, seems to me doubtful; it has, however, two or three telling lines." He achieved a great success in the part and old theatre-goers still recal the thrilling tone with which he said to Lucretia, speaking of the tombs: "The sixth is wanting, madame!"

Having fallen out with his manager, and prompted by two very legitimate desires; that of earning money and of making himself more widely known, Lemaitre decided to undertake a tour of the provinces. He was eminently successful and was everywhere received as the great representative of the romantic school of the drama.

Returned to Paris, he made his first appearance at the Folies Dramatique, in *Robert Macaire*, a piece he had written in conjunction with Antier and Lacoste. The piece is, in some sort, a continuation of *l'Auberge des Audrets*, was an immense success, and did as much, doubtless, towards making Lemaitre famous as any other drama he ever played in. After its run in Paris, he travelled through the provinces



LEMAITRE IN THE CHARACTERS OF "ROBERT MACAIRE" AND "PERE GACHETTE."

with it, accompanied by Serre in the character of Bertrand. In 1835 he went over to England, where a brilliant reception awaited him, although the taste of the public leaned toward the charming comedies of Scribe.

Returned again to Paris, with a harvest of gold which ran through his fingers like water through a sieve, he entered into an engagement with Les Variétés, the auditorium of which always seemed to us too small for his voice and large mimic. Like some paintings, Lemaitre was seen to best advantage at a certain distance. Nevertheless it was at the Variétés that he achieved one of his greatest triumphs. After a mediocre success in *Le Marquis de Brunoy*, he essayed *Kean*. As a musician composes for the voice of a singer so Dumas wrote this drama for Lemaitre. The part enabled him to display his marvellous powers to the best possible advantage, and he consequently played it to thunders of applause. He rendered the mad scene so truthfully that more than one auditor asked himself if he had not suddenly become insane.

One might have believed that Lemaitre had now achieved his greatest triumph; nevertheless, he had not. On Nov. 25, 1838, a great day not only in his life, but also in the life of Victor Hugo, he played *Ruy Blas*, the most important of his creations. Those who had the good fortune to see him in this character, see him still as clearly as if he were before their eyes, tender, gentle, fascinating, terrible, and implacable. What grace in his interviews with the queen. What majesty truly royal in his scenes with the ministers!

In speaking of Lemaitre in *Ruy Blas*, Victor Hugo said—“Pensive in the first act; melancholy in the second; grand, passionate, sublime in the third; he displays in the fifth powers

that give him a place beside the greatest players the world has ever seen. Our grandfathers would have recognised in him LeKain and Garrick united in one man; we, his contemporaries, see in him the action of Kean united with the motion of Talma.”

After *Ruy Blas*, he created parts in many pieces—*Vautren* (forbidden by the police), *Don Casar de Bazan*, *Les Mysteriés de Paris*, *La Dame de Saint-Tropez*, *Michel Bremond*, *Le Chiffonnier*, *Le Docteur Noir*, *Mademoiselle de Savaltrie*, *Tragabras*,

daughter and three sons), was we will not say the best, but the tenderest of fathers, so in *Paillasse* paternal love was expressed with a touching truthfulness that was inestimable. To this day we cannot think of certain scenes in *Paillasse* with dry eyes.

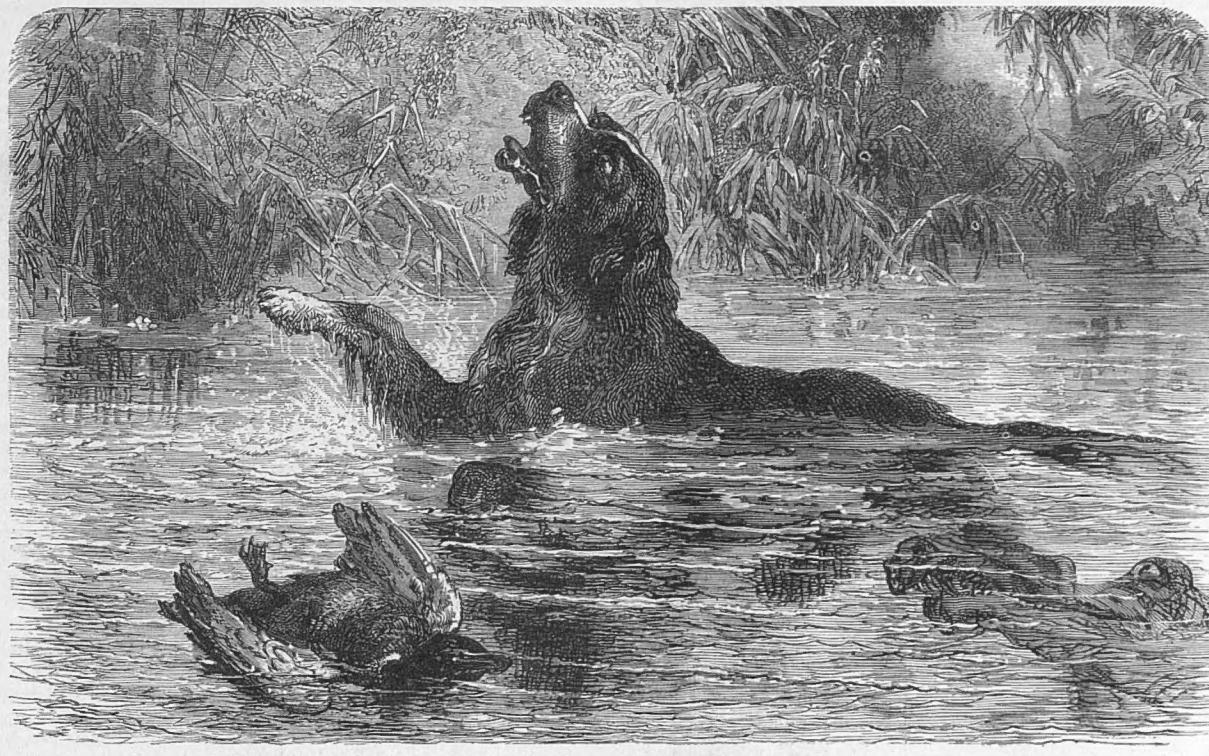
Nevertheless it was already only too easy to see that the star was on the decline. His deplorable excesses, had ruined a physique made to last a century. However, after another visit to England in 1850, he created *Toussaint l'Ouverture*, *Roi des*

Drôles, *la Bonne Aventure*, *Henry III.*, *Andre Gérard*, *le Maître de l'Ecole*, and several other less important parts. He grew weaker and weaker. His mental faculties remained unimpaired, but his magnificent voice was gone. Nothing could be more painful than to see him struggle to express what he felt. By and by his memory began to fail, but what gestures and facial expression he still possessed! Now and then, by a superhuman effort he would utter a cry in which the old lion could be recognised, but it was only a cry, for the next moment he was the weak old man again.

Although he had earned large sums, Lemaitre in his old age was poor. He had a pension of two thousand francs, but what was that sum to one of his tastes? One of his sons, who bade fair to distinguish himself as an actor, was accidentally killed, which was

a hard blow for the old man. Soon afterwards he was attacked with a malignant ulcer of the tongue, from which he suffered until his death. The people of Paris whom he had so often made weep followed him by thousands to the grave, and Victor Hugo, his lifelong friend, spoke a brief eulogy over his ashes.*

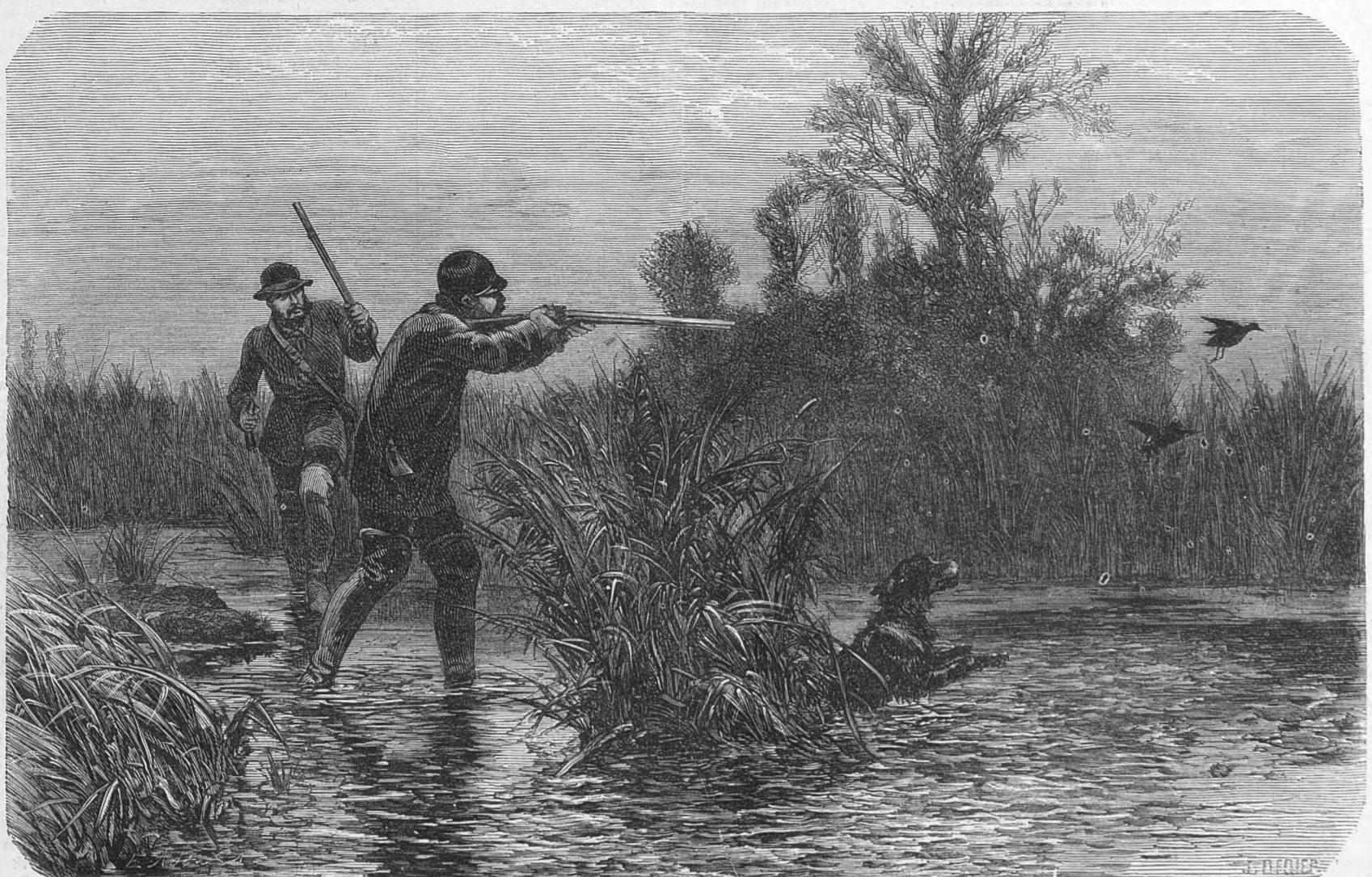
* Lemaitre wrote two novels—“*Le Huitième Péché capital*,” 2 volumes, 1859, and “*Rome le Boiteux*,” 2 volumes, 1859, and several plays.



WILD FOWL SHOOTING IN NORTH AMERICA.—A TERRIBLE POSITION.

&c., &c., and at the Theatre Français, during the short time he was there, *Branehault et Frédégonde* and *Othello*. But in none of these dramas did he surpass his glorious triumph in *Ruy Blas*. Nevertheless we would place beside his personations of Kean and Ruy Blas his rendition of *Paillasse* in a drama of that name produced at the Gaïete in 1850.

Despite his weaknesses, and although he exposed himself to all the winds of “Bohemia,” Lemaitre, who had four children (one



SNIPE SHOOTING.

CHRISTMAS BOOKS AND OTHERS.

Boudoir Ballads. By J. ASHBY-STERRY. Chatto and Windus.

SINCE September, the month in which the book was published, "Boudoir Ballads" has passed into a second edition. Let us see whether it deserves such a fortunate fate. Amongst poets, or shall we say rhymers? of the lighter sort, Mr. Ashby-Sterry is undoubtedly the lightest. To quote his own *naïve* declaration, the pen which he uses is the "dainty quill of dove," the instrument from which he extracts his melodies is "a baby harp of joy." He is "Laureate of Frills." We take leave to think that he is, or at any rate might be, very much more than that. He would properly resent an unfriendly reading of his whimsically self-imposed title, and on his behalf so should we. He is more than a mere metrical Mantalini (to put the matter as the author himself would probably put it, alliteratively,) and ought to have paused ere giving spiteful critics a cue—on the very first page, too!—for their censure. Not that the summer singer's graver and more sustained work is faultless. Therein is obtrusively apparent a continual striving after alliteration, a too frequent recourse to the use of trite adjectives, apparently—we can discover no other reason—because they chime pleasantly with the nouns to which they are allied, and an obtrusive glorification of feminine attire. There is, in fact, far too much confectionary in some of Mr. Ashby-Sterry's verses. Possessed of a fancy that is dainty to a fault, an eye keenly sensitive to the charms of all kinds of girlish and womanly prettiness, and subtle powers of description, he is apt at times to weaken his pictures with over elaborate detail, to the detriment of the central idea. He bestows as much pains on a description of the "frills," "pantalettes," "knickerbocks," "trouserettes," "ulsterettes," and furs with which his gallery of girls, and groups of fair women are apparelled, as he does in the delineation of their natural forms and graces. The effect on the mind of the reader, especially on the mind of a reader who has read the book from one end to the other at a sitting (which nobody who wishes to thoroughly enjoy its really delicate charm ought to do) is bewildering. His first impression is that the millinery has had the best of it. The delicious freshness and true colour of the author's tiny sketches from nature are for the moment lost in a conspicuous recollection of the sheen and gloss and piquancy of his heroine's attire. The sins of rhyme in these ballads are not many, but they are unpardonable. Note—

Or, may I ask, will those blue eyes—
In baby *fadois* "peepers"—
E'er in the House of Commons rise,
And strive to catch the Speaker's?

And

I hear her laugh the while her
Fingers, dimpled soft and fair,
Thrill as she clips one lock of hair;
While I, like Samson, sit still there,
And smile on sweet Delilah.

And

Sweet ruddy-cheeked Pomona
Here, out of season, trips—
Of course we all have known her,
With strawb'ry-stained lips.

Mr. Ashby-Sterry would probably defend himself against the chief of these defiances of the laws of metre by maintaining that the fancies were too happy to be lost, and for due effect they demanded expression in some such manner as he has thought proper to express them. To which hypothetical argument might be advanced the rejoinder that in *vers de societe* bad or even defective art, let the underlying fancies be what they may, is utterly indefensible. Neither Mr. Frederick Locker, Mr. Leigh, nor Mr. Austin Dobson, each of whom is a consummate master in his peculiar line, offends in this manner. Mr. Ashby-Sterry's humour and fun are in keeping with the rest of his commendable qualities, delicate, and withal unobtrusive. We are every now and then surprised into a smile with a passage of this sort—

O the boredom at old Lady Quince's!
Whose dinners are terribly slow;
O the rapture of rinking at Prince's!
Tho' wheel is a prelude to woe.

"My Lady's Boudoir," in which the above quatrain occurs, is one of the pleasantest poems in the book, full of pictures that exhibit Mr. Ashby-Sterry's descriptive powers in the most attractive light.

'Tis the snuggest retreat in the winter,
When dreary and short are the days;
When the beech-billets crackle and splinter,
When ruddy and bright is the blaze;
When the room is deliciously mellow—
Weird shadows come fast as they go—
And the ceiling is chequered and yellow,
And gloom gives a glory to glow.

Again,

Ah! what plans for the passing of slow time
Some fur-coated beauty imparts,
As she sighs for the sleighing in snow time,
And laughs at the slaying of hearts!

We get a hint of what Mr. Ashby-Sterry might do altogether apart from descriptions of frills and "ulsterettes," if he only took the trouble, in "The Two Mothers," one study in which betrays unusual force.

She sees her children now and then
With tolerant compassion;
Perchance she'll learn to love them when
Maternity's the fashion.
A childlike kiss her bloom might spoil,
The dimpled hand of Mignon
In baby play might chance uncoil
The fabric of her chignon.

Passing over a number of felicitous bits which we had marked for quotation, in "Blankton Weir"—the first stanza of which brings the typical old spot vividly before the mind's eye of a quondam wanderer by the pleasant reaches of upper Thames—in "The Seven Ages of Girlhood," "Zoological Memories," "Pets of the Petrel," "An April Sermon," and "Saint May," we pause at the last poem in the book with—notwithstanding its one weak line, and, in places, crude workmanship—a higher sense of the author's serious power than has been previously felt. A brief preface to "A Gallery of Girls," in the shape of an "extract from a letter from the country," explains the poet's conceit. "Six girls who are now staying at the Hall are so typical of the pictures of six well-known artists, that they are now always called by the names of the painters instead of their own." "Miss Rosie Leech" is one of the happiest, but "Miss Cecil Sandys" might stand for a study by the painter of that name translated into adequate words.

See how she crouches on an autumn morn,
Where poppies 'mid the corn play hide-and-seek,
And plucks them in an idle girlish freak.
Her lips are curved with ill-disguised scorn,
Her tresses wear the tint of sunburnt corn;
And poppies might have stained her flaming cheek:
A modern maiden, with a grace antique—
A dainty damsel, lovely and lovelorn!
Proud as beautiful, passionate as proud,
She twists and bites her tawny tangled mane;
While eyes the tint of purple thunder-cloud
Flash fiercely with an eloquent disdain!
And then that haughty head is bowed—
A song of sorrow and a poem of pain.

We have made our "critical deductions," and now sum up heartily in accord with the opinions of that public who have made such haste to absorb the first edition of "Boudoir Ballads." Out-

side and in the book is especially one for Christmas. A volume to be lightly taken up at any time and confidently dipped into. A viewly volume. A volume of happy, sunny verse, which (this is surely a seasonable figure) is pleasant to the palate and wondrously easy of digestion. We have read every line of "Boudoir Ballads," and for the most part with unmixed pleasure.

Jeux d'Esprit, Written and Spoken by French and English Wits and Humourists. Collected and Edited by HENRY S. LEIGH. Chatto and Windus.

MR. LEIGH had a difficult task to accomplish when he undertook the production of this volume; but it may be said that he has performed it with much skill. He says, in his preface, "To claim the merit of completeness for a collection like the present would be an attempt even more absurd than hopeless; the wit and humour of a hundred years would fill a library with volumes of this kind. I have aimed only at a characteristic selection—gathering often but a stray blossom where a whole flower-bed courted the plucking. Now and then I have thought proper to condense an original, and now and then I have omitted from a long letter the parts unsuitable for my purpose." The collector's words fairly explain his method. As far as it goes, the collection is complete, albeit it owns no limit except that prescribed by the laws of pure taste. It savours almost of insult to say even this of any work from Mr. Leigh's refined pen, but when we recall some of those drearily vulgar collections of jokes in which that monster "the wag" figures, we cannot be too grateful to an author who has grouped together such a lot of good things, not one of which is false in flavour or in any respect unpleasant. We hope to see many editions of this capital book, each larger than the last. The author was the man of all men to make the collection, and he should go on adding thereto. It were idle to complain of omissions. Theodore Hook, Sydney Smith, Lamb, James Smith, Hood, and Jerrold have been drawn upon to a large extent, but never unwisely, and so far from any of the excerpts suggesting the idea of their having been used for padding, it would puzzle the most capable *raconteur* to point out a single joke that could well be spared from the collection. We are obliged to Mr. Leigh for including in his book Mr. Planche's clever parody of "The Days when we went Gipsy," and Mr. Godfrey Turner's "Doctor Johnson." Ere another edition of "Jeux d'Esprit" is called for—which we feel assured will be very soon—we should recommend Mr. Leigh to sacrifice his natural modesty at the shrine of wit and humour and enrich the pages of his book with some of his own "good things." The author of "The Carols of Cockaigne" would undoubtedly have occupied a distinguished place in any other collector's "Jeux d'Esprit," and why not in his own?

Annie's Pantomime Dream. By ELLIS J. DAVIS. London: Arthur H. Moxon.

Mr. DAVIS has produced a very amusing little book for young readers, and of the type now most popular. Annie's dream is a funny one of the pantomime order, and pantomime like it has "hits" in it—here's one. Annie is in Cole Land and has won favour of the old king it has been named after, and having been bewildered by a deluge of comical questions from King Cole and his courtiers, says—

"How can I answer so many questions at once?"
"You are not expected to answer them," replied the king.
"Then why do you ask them?"
"Ah! that's philosophy."

"Philosophy," she repeated, with a puzzled air.

"Yes, real philosophy, Annie; and the way to do is this: Whenever you are asked a question, answer it with another."

We could point out not a few works on philosophy written on the principle King Cole strove in vain to make Annie understand. Mr. Davis is hardly complimentary to Birmingham, in the following parody on Eliza Cook's "Englishman," called a "Ballad of Brummagum," of which we quote below the first verse:—

There's a town that bears a well-known name,
Though it is but a little spot.
T'was from there Johnny Bright and Bradlaugh came
With a troublesome radical lot.
Of the noisy ones who talk and live
On the follies of London's throng,
The most uproarious earth can give
To that little town belong,
'Tis the home of noise, of froth and scum,
And this is the town of Brummagum.

Will children understand or appreciate such severely political fun?

Joan. A Tale. By Rhoda Broughton. In Three Volumes. Richard Bentley and Son.—The appearance of a novel by one of the strongest female inventors of that kind of amusement is an event of uncommon interest, even to the writer of these lines—be-nighted being though he is. Before he made the acquaintance of "Joan," he was a stranger to "Nancy," and knew nothing of "Red as a Rose is She."

"Cometh up like a flower" was a sealed book to him—and, in fact, his knowledge of Rhoda Broughton's powers was limited to the oblique view of them obtainable in the irreverent pages of *Punch*. "Joan" is possibly a worse story than any of its predecessors; possibly a better. Since this is not a treatise on the capabilities of the author, it will suffice to say that nobody who takes up the first volume of "Joan" is likely to cease reading until he has reached the end of the third. It sometimes happens in literature as well as in commerce, that a very small sample will serve to indicate the nature of the bulk. We find on the third page of "Joan" the following sentences, and we ascertain, as we progress beyond that point, that those were fairly indicative of the racy character of the rest. "The death of a grandfather is generally a very supportable affliction, But a small bottle will hold the tears that most people shed for their grand parents. Most of us can kiss that rod." Joan, brought up in the lap of luxury, is left by the sudden death of her doting grandfather in a state of scarcely respectable poverty, and has to begin life again at a garrison town in the family of an aunt she knows not, and amid conditions as sordidly and squalidly different from the gracious surroundings she has been accustomed to as it is possible for conditions to be. Her aunt is a good natured greasy creature, monstrously corpulent (and by the way Miss Broughton seems to hate fat people with persistent hatred), whose idea of social heaven is realised when she basks in the society of the minor officers of the line whose acquaintance her two vulgar daughters take such pains to cultivate. She herself is the relict of a regimental doctor. Colonel Wolferstan, tall, handsome, and in the Grenadier Guards, who began by liking Joan when she was the darling of her grandfather's heart and the light of his castle, grows to love her, and in spite of an impracticable mother, and the aristocrat's knowledge that Joan's father had, years before, committed forgery, offers his hand, and is accepted. Thereupon his mother appears on the scene, and discloses to Joan the secret of her father's crime. She renounces her lover, and the two go their several ways. Colonel Wolferstan subsequently marries a former flame of his, named Lalage Beauchamp, who has angled openly for him, and eventually Joan takes a situation as governess. In the end, Lalage, who is an unworthy sort of red-and-white beauty, with a large body and little mind, becomes fat, and dies, and the reader is left to infer that no great time will elapse ere the chastened Colonel of the Guards weds with Joan. Slight as the plot is—if plot it can be termed—it forms the framework of a singularly powerful story. The actors

wear a wonderful air of reality—we seem to have met all of them except the guardsman—and their talk is refreshingly natural. Scarcely less striking are Miss Broughton's vividly luminous descriptions of inanimate objects; and her dogs, every one of which lives before us, are most diverting creatures. Now and then she betrays the possession of powers almost enough to rank her alongside the greatest of her fellow-craftsmen (or women)—notably in the description of Joan's last tragic interview with Anthony, and in the delineation of some of their love passages. Let us make an admission. We found it impossible to skip any of the pages of "Joan," and when we reached the last of them were surprised at the brevity of the story.

Mayfair, a Tuesday journal of Politics, Literature and Society. Unambitiously illustrated. A smartly written clever youngster, illustrated by a series of marginal sketches by an artist whose never failing humour our readers have had frequent opportunities of appreciating. It professes to emanate from some writers of the daily press who desire to discuss the questions of the day in a manner unaffected by considerations of mere expediency, and promises to avoid outraging good taste, or invading the privacy of life.

Yorick, a Humorous and Critical Weekly Paper. We have received the two first numbers of this new aspirant for public favour and heartily wish it God speed. It is very cleverly illustrated by Mr. Harry Furniss and edited with that scrupulous care and ability which all who know the name of its conductor must have expected; we extract from its first number the following verses:—

MY SURPRISE.

A LADY with those sea-green eyes,
A lady tall and fair,
Has flushed my heart with sharp surprise,
As when a summer air
Lifts leaf, and ruddy boy espies
A red fruit hidden there.
Red fruit! What redder than her lip?
Naught all the garden shows;
Pale is the cherry, pale the hip,
And pale the flane that glows,
Dew-daughter of the sun, to sip
The ruby-hearted rose.
Surprise which will not die away,
But like a faithful tune
That sweetens all the mind, makes gay
The vacant vaulted noon,
And whispers in the falling spray
Sea-whispers to the moon.
Surprise which fills me day and night:
But when her white hand gleams
In mine at eve, to mute delight
Of brooding heart it seems
My soul in some enchanted flight
Hath reached the joy of dreams.

Funny Folk's Annual. Red Lion House, Red Lion-court, Fleet-street. A marvellous sixpenny-worth! There is more genuine fun in the pictures—which are abundant—prose and verse of this annual than is to be found in all the rest of the annuals put together. And (that one should have to say it!) more ideas. It would not surprise us in the least to learn that *Funny Folk's Annual* had sold at the rate of hundreds of thousands.

Charles Watts's Christmas Annual deals with the festive season in a cheery spirit, and provides the reader with a goodly store of interesting reading.

St. James's Christmas Annual. This year the Christmas Number of the *St. James's* contains a story called "Seen From the Cross of St. Paul's," by Ellis J. Davis, to which we have not in the present number space to devote attention.

MARCUS WARD AND CO.'S CHRISTMAS CARDS.—Owing in a great measure to the notable enterprise and perfect artistic taste of this renowned firm, the Christmas Card has come to assume a position in one's annual exchange of the compliments of the season, as important as it is graceful. The present year's collection of cards, sachets, and similar prettinesses issued by Marcus Ward and Co., are to the full as beautiful as those which have emanated from the same source in past years, and as original. The specimens which have been submitted to us for review are surprisingly novel, and various enough to satisfy all tastes.

(A Column of Reviews is omitted for want of space.)

L'AMI FRITZ.

The recent production of MM. Erckmann Chatrian's new three-act comedy, from which we this week present sketches, notwithstanding the fierce and persistent opposition it met with from their political opponents, culminated in a grand success. The story is one of remarkable simplicity, and owes its interest rather to the actors and the efficient way in which it was supported generally, than to any striking singularity of plot or effective dramatic situations. The placid quietness of the piece itself is in complete contrast with the storm of controversy which ushered it into public view. Fritz Robus, the hero, is an easy-going pleasure-loving bachelor, with a kindly heart, a merry contented nature, and a firm resolve never to marry. David, a venerable old Rabbi, is a confirmed match-maker. Fritz has invited some friends to his house, when he receives from one of his tenant's daughters a bouquet of violets. She is a charming little creature, Suse by name, and by general consent is invited to join the party. This incident figures in our centre sketch. Fritz is impressed despite himself, and pays her marked attention. David accepts a bet offered by Fritz of a vine-plantation against nothing that he will never marry. Act 2 opens with a very elaborate and beautiful set scene, the exterior of the farm, belonging to Suse's father, basking in the warm glow of an autumnal sunrise. Fritz is visiting here, and some reapers come to give him a morning serenade, and Suse sings a sweet old Alsatian melody, to which the reapers supply a chorus, and we soon see that Fritz is drifting reluctantly but swiftly into love. Suse climbs into the cherry tree to pluck fruit for Fritz. He continues drifting, and his progress is marked with various pretty speeches and incidents, one of which, that at the well also figures in our sketches. Act 3 shows Fritz at home again restless and dissatisfied, he don't know why, venting his bad humour upon poor old Catherine, his devoted housekeeper. News comes that Suse is about to be married, which Fritz receives with a storm of mingled emotion, and Suse, secretly in love with her father's landlord, confessing to him that the union is one she detests, he determines to remonstrate with her parents, and ends by asking her hand for himself.

THE FLOATING GLACIARIUM.—On Thursday several gentlemen tried the Real Ice Skating Rink at the Floating Bath, Charing Cross, and pronounced the ice simply perfection. On Friday the Rink was open to the public by payment. Mr. R. C. Austin, the champion skater of America, is the manager and instructor. There is a skating surface of 3,090 square feet.

TURFIANA.

Nor having had the opportunity of resuming our notes in the Christmas number of the ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS, our readers will excuse the *vestigia retrorsa* which takes us back to Mr. Lant's sale at Tattersall's last Monday week. Breeders who submit their stock to public competition must be content to undergo their share of criticism, which in this instance was not of the most kindly nature in regard to the mares, yearlings, and foals brought to the hammer. The yearlings, it must be admitted, had some polish upon them; but the nursing mothers of the flock were thin as rakes and rough as badgers, while the weanlings, huddled together by twos and threes in boxes, resembled a kennel of Newfoundland puppies, and by no stretch of imagination could be said to be "disguised with fat." Sooth to say, it was a grievous spectacle, and with these results of careless management before us, can it be wondered at that so many flat-sided, spindle-shanked, waspy-looking wretches are foisted upon the Turf, to become objects of derision to pessimists and lovers of the deterioration theory, and to ripen into instruments of gambling on the suburban circuit? It was pitiful to see so many really well-bred mares, some of them purchased at high prices, sacrificed to such wretches as Deerswood and Struan; and no wonder their owner was glad to let a "pony" buy them, after that paltry sum had only been extorted after the most heart-rending appeals to his audience by Mr. Tattersall. Many breeders entertain eccentric notions as to the fusion of blood, and other mysteries of their art; but most of them are ready enough with their oats and hay, and a moderate indulgence in those necessities of life is requisite, even for candidates for the kennel-boiler. It was a melancholy spectacle, and the only explanation appears to be that Mr. Lant is pressed for room at home, and has to put out many of his collection on board wages with other people, which does not augur very great interest in his hobby—if hobby we may call it.

Lowlander is to stand at Dewhurst Lodge for the ensuing season, along with a well-known "Highlander" in that establishment, and will be first, or nearly the first, of King Tom's grandsons at the stud. With the Pantaloona blood on his dam's side, and with size, shape and performances to recommend him, he will doubtless prosper well enough, and even should he fail with thoroughbred mares, there is a magnificent prospect before him of becoming a premier among hunting sires, if there be any truth in the longing aspirations of men who have envied such a weight carrier to the Turf. Lord Rosslyn, who started but a year or two ago without anything superior to Grouse at Easton Lodge, advanced a step with Bertram last year, and now comes out in force with Galopin and Miner. The former did well enough his first season at Newmarket; but we always thought him rather a dear horse, especially as there is no great character about him to stamp him as the equal of Doncaster and such like. However, we have no doubt he will do very well, and Lord Rosslyn has gone on the right tack by securing such a "star" for his newly established nursery in Essex. For Miner we never cherished any great fancy; but that he is "undoubtedly the sire of Controversy" we cannot gainsay, and this is sufficient to stamp him, irrespective of his excellent blood. Lord Rosslyn will probably sell at Newmarket next July, as hitherto the Easton Lodge sales have been more enjoyable to those who have assisted at them, than remunerative to the "founder of the feast." At Brick House, Dunmow, Captain Ray does not yet appear to be suited with a stallion in the place of Gladiateur, but the place and its well-selected contingent of brood mares fully deserve one, though such heart-breaking luck is enough to make a breeder pause before investing heavily again. Dearth of suitable sires in the home market has driven buyers abroad, and following the example of the Stud Company in the case of Carnival and Blue Gown, Mr. Blenkiron has been ransacking France with an eye to filling up Rosicrucian's place at Middle Park. The result of his conference with the ruling powers at Chantilly has been the importation of Henry and Dutch Skater, both very well known in this country, and what is really more important, both representing strains of blood growing rare of late in our island. The son of Monarque most of us will recollect as a sensation horse on the Ascot Cup day of 1877—when, with a belly like a brood mare (as his deriders would have it), he lowered the colours of Favonius, and caused perfidious Albion once more to blaspheme. The Skater was an honest staying horse, but without any pretensions to rank as a first rater, and we cannot help thinking that 40 guineas is a stiff price to demand for his services. Barring Cape Flyaway, Dutch Skater is, we believe, the only one of the Flyer's sons now at the stud, and a fresh introduction of this strain of blood will be a boon to breeders, who have harped on the same old strings so long. The evergreen and elastic Saunterer still heads the Middle Park list, at his old fee of 50 guineas; but Vespasian has come down to thirty, and his place among "winning stallions" of last season is a very mean one indeed, considering what opportunities he has had. Mr. Blenkiron, as in last January, has a sale of new yearlings on the first day of 1877, of a few "remnants" and waifs and strays from his field day of last June, and there is a half brother to Blue Gown among them, a sort of pocket Hercules, who will not be long in bringing back a moderate investment in his favour. There are plenty of aspiring candidates for the stud in the private sale list, and among the veterans we come across Laughing Stock, the most happily named horse "of any age or country," who has for so long a period "starred" it in provincial show yards, and is as full of medals and decorations as Joey Jones on the Derby Day. The irrepressible Indian Ocean crops up once more, and Ireland is, as usual, anxious to get rid of one of her most promising "sires of the day" in the gallant gay Lothario, who, like the generality of King Tom's sons, has done the state some service.

The recent notice given by the Jockey Club to clerks of courses with regard to the suppression of "first past the post" betting, may be regarded as the insertion of the thin end of the wedge of Jockey Club interference with the ring. Hitherto, the supreme dictators of the Turf have held aloof from taking cognisance of the various betting disputes which are continually furnishing occupation for the Committee of Tattersall's. It is quite right and proper that the Jockey Club should no longer withhold their hands from the practice inseparably associated with racing, without which it has been asserted that the sport cannot subsist. Such a division of these Siamese twins as it has been attempted to effect for many years past has not been found to work well, and it is obviously ridiculous that different tribunals should possess jurisdiction over practically indivisible interests. As we have said, the intention to suppress a system of speculation in high favour among the Welsh division is most laudable, but we must take leave to doubt whether the proposed method of acquiring information is the best that could have been fixed upon. Clerks of courses have plenty of other occupation to distract their minds, without sniffing about the ring for the perpetrators of "first past the post" betting, and can hardly be expected to act as censors of their own guests, so to speak, who have gained access to the enclosures by payment. Again, if clerks of courses take no steps to remove notorious welshers from their stands, when specially urged to protect the interests of real patrons of sport, how can the Jockey Club expect them to take the initiative in a step which would materially affect their pockets? Better set a thief to catch

a thief, and so commence the purification of the ring by other means than by asking spirited promoters to lessen or to lose their entrance money. A few small offenders may, perhaps, be gibeted in the course of the season; but, after recent experiences, we shall refuse to believe in clerks of courses going out of their way to spoil a trade indirectly so lucrative to themselves.

Turf statisticians have long since presented their report on the comparative successes of "winning stallions" during the past year, from which it will be seen Blair Athol has been compelled for once to strike his colours, but only to a foeman of ghostly pretensions, who has long since been laid to rest in the orchard at Dewhurst. Verily the good that Lord Clifden did lives after him, and Petrarch, his handsomest and most racing-like son, should not be permitted to leave English soil. Report has it that his owner would be not indisposed to treat with a purchaser, and as it now seems to be the fashion to withdraw our cracks at an early period of their public careers, those breeders in want of a first-rate article should not hesitate to put in their claims, and we can imagine no finer cross for those Birdcatcher mares which happen to be lacking in Touchstone blood. Blair Athol does not number many stayers among his winners, but there is no fear of his lacking all the patronage his owners can desire to the very end of the chapter, for a good sprinter in these days is worth two cup horses, the business of the latter seeming to grow more limited year by year. The King of Cobham, however, would make but an indifferent show with his two-year-old were it not for the services rendered by Rob Roy, whose owner has determined that his colt shall take part in something more than mere half-mile spins next season. There are some half-dozen sires "all of a heap" for the third place, for which Macaroni, Lord Lyon, Speculum, and Hermit have all made bold bids, and The Palmer would be close up in their good company, were he not compelled, somewhat unwillingly, to divide the honours of having begotten Forerunner and sundry other winners with that unfortunate horse, The Earl. Scottish Chief shows very indifferently, after previous displays of good form, and can only just get his head in front of General Peel and others of that kidney. Musket, considering his doughty deeds on the Turf, and his many opportunities, has opened fire very ineffectually, and of the novices, Cardinal York and King of the Forest betray the most promise of ripening into useful members.

SKYLARK.

ATHLETICS, Rowing, and Cricket are almost for the present things of the past; so in these three sports I have little or nothing at all to deal with. The Spartan Harriers, last Saturday, essayed to run off a five miles novice open steeplechase, and a rare hash they made of it, losing the trail at the half-distance, and coming home as they pleased. H. T. Eve, an Oxonian, claimed to have run the whole distance; but the affair was a regular bungle altogether, and it is to be decided on Saturday, if possible. Two lads, named J. Marshall, of the Ouseburn, and H. Humphrey, of St. Peter's, rowed a mile from the High Level Bridge to Waterson's Gates, on the Tyne, last Saturday, for a small stake of a tenner a-side, and, after a most determined struggle, Marshall won by three lengths. A far more important circumstance, however, occurred at Newcastle recently, whilst the Thames men were attracting the attention of the Tynesiders—viz., the unostentatious arrival of a young Canadian, Wallace Ross, of St. John's, N.B., who has, at his own cost, and barely a cent more than his expenses in his pocket, come over personally to buy a Swaddle and Winship, with which to row Hanlon, of Toronto, for the championship of Canada. He is but nineteen years of age, stands 6ft 2in in height, and when in rowing trim weighs 12st 9lbs, and if my readers could only "over the sea, hear what a little bird whispers to me," they would, I fancy, be of my opinion; he is not unlikely to beat the Toronto man, and then come over and give our cracks a taste of his mettle. Ross is a total abstainer, and follows the trade of a fisherman in the Bay of Fundy. It was intended to send him to the International Regatta, but he could not get a fit boat. However, he has fairly smothered A. Brayley, of St. John's, who beat Green, and gave Higgins so much trouble.

Billiards, as usual, at this time of the year appear to be engrossing the attention of the principal players, and several matches are on the tapis, having been brought about through "a card" as my American cousins call it, played by Tom Taylor, who offered in a contemporary to play any man in the world—bar W. Cook and John Roberts, jun.—on either an ordinary or championship table, 1,000 up, level, or to accept 250 in 1,000 from Cook, either match to be for £100 a-side. As was generally anticipated, this provoked the ire of Joseph Bennett, the ex-Champion, and at one time decidedly one of the finest all-round players in England, who emerging from his retirement, immediately offered to make a match, but wanted both games to be for £50 a-side. Half measures, however, did not suit Taylor's book, and then Bennett made a second offer, viz., to play him on an ordinary table for £50 a-side, and on a champion table, for £100. Of course this was on past form quite in favour of the ex-champion, and to my opinion was rather a mean way of doing business, as Bennett, every one knows or ought to know if he has any knowledge of play or players, was always at his best when engaged in the all-round game. Taylor, then annoyed, as he reasonably might be, declined to deal at all, but as Bennett has forwarded a "tenner" to a contemporary to play for £1,000 a-side on a champion table, he is likely to be accommodated. Cook immediately took up Taylor's challenge as regarded himself, and the pair play for £200 at the large banqueting hall of the Gaiety Restaurant on Thursday, January 18. S. W. Stanley and J. Bennett are also likely to be matched, although nothing definite has been decided at the time of writing. Last Saturday Cook and Stanley played afternoon and evening exhibitions at the former's saloon, 99, Regent-street, when Cook won the billiards, giving 125 in 500, and the best of eleven games at pyramids, giving one ball each game during the afternoon, but was beaten by upwards of 200 points in the evening, when conceding 250 in 1,000; the best breaks on either side being Cook 164 (20 spots), 102 (31 spots), 63 (18 spots), 58, 130 (40 spots). Stanley 133 (40 spots), 74 (12 spots), 54 (10 spots), 95 (30 spots), and 105 (41 spots), unfinished. I am sorry to hear Tom Stewart, the marker, is still laid up from his accident of a few weeks back, and any friends or patrons who may wish to see or communicate with him will find him in the Leopold Ward, St. Thomas's Hospital.

Football has been as usual the grand amusement of the week, despite the miserable weather which has prevailed; but this week I shall confine my remarks to the principal events only. On Saturday last three Association Cup ties were decided; firstly in a perfect deluge of rain, Cambridge University beat Clapham Rovers at Kennington Oval by two goals to one; the Wanderers went to Southall, and beat the local club by five goals to nothing; and the Swifts journeyed to Rochester to be defeated at Borstal by one goal to none. Apropos of this last-named match, it was played in weather all that could be desired; I wish I had gone there instead of to the Oval. The second ties have now been decided, the Wanderers, two Universities, R.E., Sheffield, Great Marlow, Pilgrims, Upton Park, Rochester, and Queen's Park (Glasgow), being left in.

"Tall walking" has been engrossing the attention of followers of pedestrianism during the past week, as Weston, the "Yankee

walkist," is attempting to walk 505 miles in six successive days, at the Agricultural Hall, having employed G. Ide, of Woolwich, Parry, of Sheffield, and Crossland, of Sheffield, to perform against him every forty-eight hours, under special stipulations. It is not my intention to go, this week, into full particulars, as I have to "close accounts" before half the affair is got through; and it will, therefore, be sufficient for me to state that Weston is very sanguine, and that through walking in a trifle over twenty hours *without a rest* 105 miles and one lap (seven laps to the mile) he surpassed all previous displays yet recorded. Ide in his forty-eight hours covered 152 miles—a rare performance for a comparatively untrained man—whilst Weston did 186 miles two laps. At 12.5 a.m. on Thursday Weston had walked 252 miles and a trifle, whilst Parry, who had been started twenty-four hours, had placed 100 miles to his credit. Weston is this time decidedly not walking, in the strict sense of the word, so well as before, and has been cautioned more than once. Next Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday W. Howes, of London, and Dan O'Leary, the Irish Yankee, walk their 300 miles match at Messrs. Pinch's enclosure, the Cambridge Heath Skating Rink, and the proprietors have made some rare improvements, and the very best arrangements for the men and their friends, together with the general public, who, if they take "Exon's" advice, will flock to see what promises to prove one of the best affairs of the year. I must still stick to my old tip, "Back the Englishman"—more especially as on Thursday night one of his backers, "Teddy" Mills, better known to frequenters of the pedestrian enclosures of days gone by as Young England, was at the Agricultural Hall prepared to back him to walk Weston for a week for £500, and would have posted a "century" there and then. Some one else who, in a contemporary, offers himself to the public as "Anti-humbug," has accepted Sir J. Astley's challenge, and they have both put down £500 a-piece for the Unknown's unknown to walk Weston for a week, the baronet of course backing Weston, whilst O'Leary also wants to throw in.

Skating matches were to have come off last Monday at that admirably conducted enclosure, the Victoria Skating Rink, owned by Messrs. Pinch Brothers; but the rain fell so heavily that they were bound to be put off, and as Tippett did not turn up for his match on the bicycle against Barnes on the skates, the latter was ordered to walk over. On Wednesday night another attempt was made to bring off the skating, but once more Jupiter Pluvius put his veto on it. On New Year's Eve, Barnes will skate against all comers for the Messrs. Pinch's 50 miles challenge cup. He is sure to win, so my readers will be able to say that they have for once had a good thing given them by

EXON.

CORRESPONDENCE.

[The fact of the insertion of any letter in these columns does not necessarily imply our concurrence in the views of the writers, nor can we hold ourselves responsible for any opinions that may be expressed therein.]

"WHAT AN AFTERNOON," IN CHANCERY.

(To the Editor of the ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS.)

SIR,—May I ask for a small space in your columns to give publicity to the following facts? In consequence of the "Mohawk Minstrels" having used and sung my song, "What an Afternoon," without my sanction, I have this day obtained an Order and Decree for an injunction in Chancery, restraining them from publishing and singing my song, and awarding me the nominal damages of £20, which penalty I have remitted in consequence of the act being committed through a misunderstanding. I appealed to the law to establish my rights, in order to caution others against using my song, the words and music of which are copyright.—I am, &c.

CHARLES COLLETTE.
Gaiety Theatre, Dec. 21.

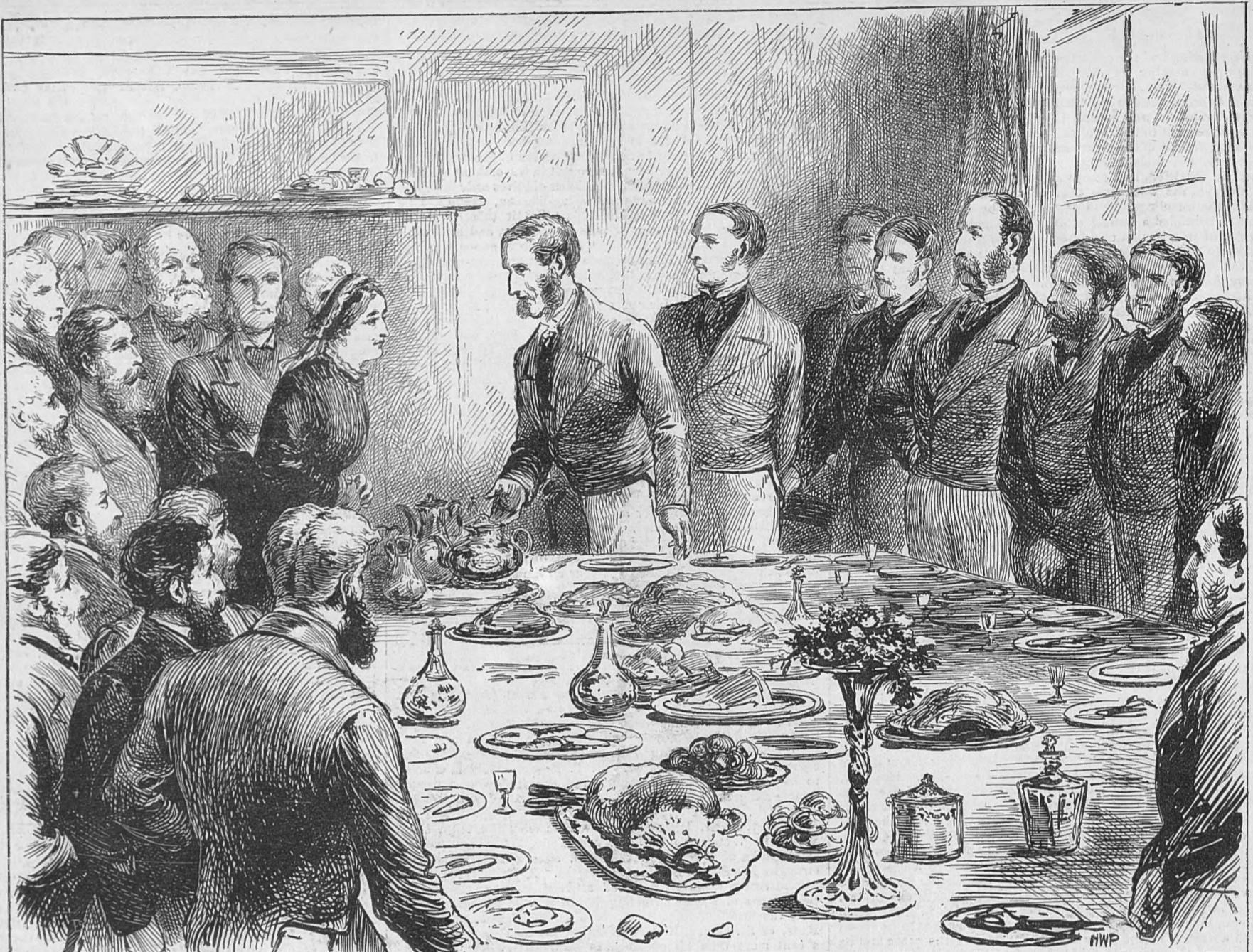
MISS BUCKSTONE.

MISS LUCY ISABELLA BUCKSTONE, whose portrait adorns our front page, is the daughter of Mr. Buckstone, of the Theatre Royal, Haymarket, and is now eighteen years of age. She made her first appearance on any stage, at the Croydon Theatre, in the character of Gertrude, in *The Little Treasure*; and afterwards appeared at the Theatre Royal, Dublin, during a short provincial tour with Mr. Sothern and her father, where she sustained the characters of Florence Trenchard in *Our American Cousin*, Lucy Dorrison in *Home*, and Ada Ingot in *David Garrick*, in which character she made her first appearance in London at the Theatre Royal, Haymarket, on Boxing-night, 1875. She subsequently appeared at the same theatre as Margaret Wyatt in Mr. Tom Taylor's play of *Anne Boleyn*. From the Haymarket she was engaged at the Lyceum, by Mrs. Bateman, appearing there with Mr. Irving in the character of Annette in *The Bells*, and Lady Frances Touchwood in *The Belle's Stratagem*, and also Eliza in the little drama of *Nature and Philosophy*. She is now at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, and is nightly appearing in the comedy of *Peril* as Lucy Ormond.

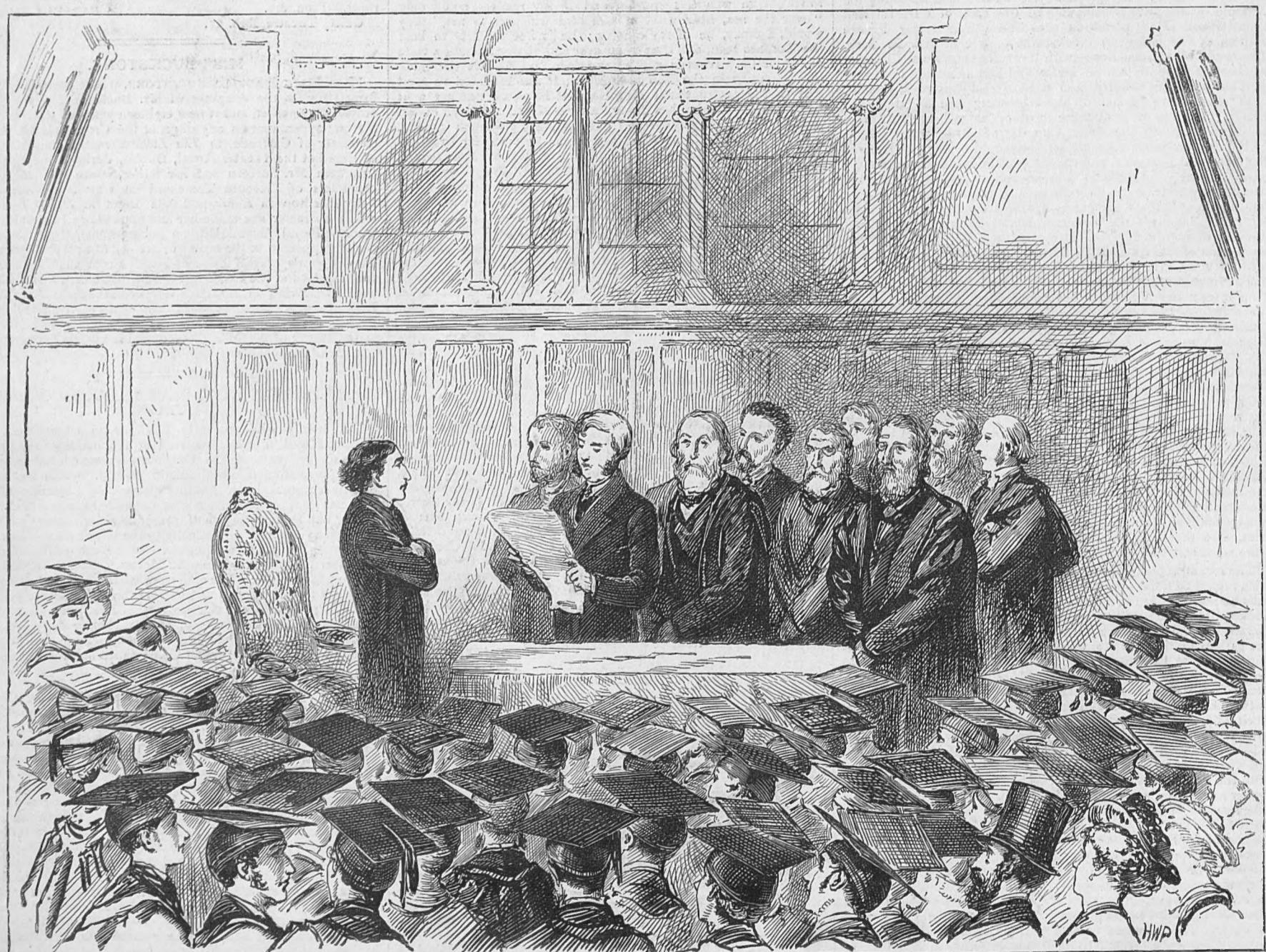
MR. HENRY IRVING AT TRINITY COLLEGE, DUBLIN.

Mr. Irving while recently fulfilling an engagement at the Theatre Royal, Dublin, received at the hands of the graduates and undergraduates at the University a most cordial testimony of their appreciation of his dramatic powers, which we have pictorially chronicled on another page. On Saturday afternoon (December 9) a vast concourse of students assembled in the dining hall for the purpose of presenting Mr. Irving with a congratulatory address. Punctually to the hour named—four p.m.—Mr. Irving appeared, accompanied by several of the fellows and professors, amongst whom were Messrs. Dowden, Ingram, Shaw, Panton, Traill, &c. The address was read by Mr. Gibson, Q.C., M.P. for the University, and its laudatory terms were heartily echoed by the cheers of the students. Mr. Irving read a reply of some length. In the evening, at the Theatre Royal, he played *Hamlet* to an enthusiastic and crowded house, consisting for the most part of past and present College men and their friends.

MR. E. CAMPBELL'S BENEFIT CONCERT.—Mr. Campbell, who has been prevented by illness from pursuing his profession as an actor, received the compliment of a benefit at Langham Hall, on Saturday night last, when an attractive programme of vocal and instrumental music was provided. The vocalists were Mdle. Rienzi, Madame Deronda, Mr. Clifford, and Mr. J. H. Pearson; and the instrumentalists, Herr Schubert (violincello), and Mr. John Cheshire (harp). Mr. F. Laughlin presided at the piano-forte, and Miss Plowden, of the Court Theatre, in the unavoidable absence of Mrs. Lin Rayne—who was prevented from appearing by sudden indisposition—gave two readings. The hall was filled with an appreciative audience. In the duet, "La ci darem," with Mrs. Clifford, Mdle. Rienzi was heard to the most advantage, while Madame Deronda's singing of "Beloved again," failed not to elicit the applause which it merited. Messrs. Pearson, Cheshire, and Clifford were each honoured with encores; while the admirable taste manifested by Miss Plowden in her reading of poems by Buchanan and Southey was duly recognised.



PRESENTATION TO MRS. SALTMARSH, OF HIGH EASTER HALL.



PRESENTATION OF AN ADDRESS TO MR. HENRY IRVING AT DUBLIN.

MUSIC.

Music intended for notice in the "Monthly Review of New Music," on the last Saturday of each month, must be sent on or before the previous Saturday.

"ALCESTIS" AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

ON several occasions we have spoken highly of Mr. Henry Gadsby's compositions. We have now to hail his appearance in a more important position than he has heretofore occupied, and at the same time to congratulate him on the success which he has

achieved. It is to him we are indebted for the new choral and orchestral music which has rendered possible the performance of the *Alcestis* of Euripides. Mendelssohn had previously done a similar good office for Sophocles; and the universal approbation bestowed on the music furnished to *Antigone* and *Oedipus* rendered the task of Mr. Gadsby doubly difficult—first, because it was almost essential to follow the track laid down by Mendelssohn, on pain of being charged with presumption; and secondly, because of the comparisons which were sure to be made. To follow a given model, and at the same time to escape the charge of imitation, might be deemed by many composers too

hazardous a task. Mr. Gadsby has, however, contrived to follow the indications afforded by Mendelssohn, and at the same time to avoid plagiarism. He has even aimed at a greater aesthetic purity than Mendelssohn himself, and never introduces a vocal solo, or any kind of vocal piece other than the choruses. Within the limits thus adopted, he has produced some sterling music. The five choruses of *Alcestis* are admirably written; characterised by classic purity of style, yet full of original melody, and felicitously illustrative of the sentiments and ideas contained in the words to which it is attached. The drama has many emotional features, and affords frequent opportunities for



SCENE FROM ERCKMANN-CHATRIAN'S NEW COMEDY, "L'AMI FRITZ."

the introduction of sympathetic music. The version produced last week at the Crystal Palace was adapted from Dr. Potter's translation, by Mr. Frank Murray, who would have done better than he has if he had further compressed the dialogue, and had also corrected the terribly halting rhythm of the blank verse. The plot is simple. Admetus, King of Pheræ, in Thessaly, on his accession to the regal power, had kindly received Apollo, who had been banished from heaven, and compelled for a certain time to serve a mortal. The god, after he was restored to his celestial honours, did not forget that friendly house; but when Admetus lay ill of disease, from which there was no recovery, prevailed on

the Fates to spare his life on condition that some near relation would consent to die for him. Neither his father, nor his mother, nor any of his friends were willing to pay this ransom. His wife, Alcestis, on hearing the decree, generously devotes her own life to save that of her husband; and whilst the whole family are plunged in grief for her loss, and are occupied in celebrating her funeral obsequies, Hercules arrives at Pheræ, on his expedition to Thrace. He is hospitably entertained by Admetus, who studiously conceals the cause of his grief. Hercules is informed by Medon of the bereavement of his generous host; he immediately attacks Thanatos (Death), who is conveying Alcestis to the in-

ternal regions, and having defeated him, recovers the lady, whom he restores to her husband.

The artists engaged in the performance are individually and collectively entitled to praise. Miss Emily Cross was a sympathetic and dignified Alcestis, and Miss Vining a graceful Iole. Mr. Arthur Matthison's elocution was good, and his intelligent acting did much to impart dignity to the rôle of Admetus. Mr. Barnes, as Apollo, delivered his lines well. Mr. W. Rignold looked, spoke, and acted well, as Hercules. Mr. Leathes gave an effective impersonation of Pheres, and Mr. Moxon (Thanatos), Mr. Robins (Medon), and Mr. Holman (the Chorus Speaker), acquitted

themselves well. The choruses were sung by a body of forty gentlemen amateurs, who had devoted several months to the task of committing them to memory—no light undertaking, considering that the choral music occupies more than half the performance. These gentlemen sang so accurately, and with so much refinement of style, that they merit special and hearty praise.

Of the five choruses which are contained in the work three are specially excellent. These are, "Immortal bliss be thine," "Yes, liberal house," and the ode to Fate, "My venturous foot." The overture, though short, is full of interest, and contains allusions to the music which it precedes—especially the ode to Fate. The Funeral March, played while the body of Alcestis is carried away, is a masterly composition, and the incidental music, which on many occasions accompanies the spoken dialogue, felicitously illustrates the dramatic situations. Mr. Gadsby's choral music is mostly unisonal, but he frequently makes happy use of his harmonic skill—notably in the masterly counterpoint of the latter half of the "Ode to Fate." The orchestration is necessarily simple in form, but colour is imparted by the use of the harp, and other instruments, in situations where the words are suggestive of special effects. To choral societies the *Alcestis* music will be a great boon. With judicious compression, the spoken dialogue need not occupy more than twenty minutes—just enough to explain the story of the drama, and to render the choral music intelligible and interesting. The music is published by Messrs. Novello at so cheap a rate (4s. for the entire piano-forte score) that it ought to find a place in every musical library. Mr. Gadsby was called before the curtain and warmly applauded. He deserves to be congratulated on his successful execution of a difficult task, and he may be assured that henceforth his compositions will be awaited with interest by all who are capable of appreciating the highest kind of art. Mr. Manns worked hard to secure a successful performance, and directed his fine band and capital chorus with unremitting and sympathetic zeal; and the general enjoyment was much enhanced by the unpretending but able analytical commentary furnished by Mr. W. Grist.

The production of *Alcestis* on the English stage is an interesting event in the history of art, and if—as we are informed—the organisation of the performance is entirely due to Mr. Charles Wyndham, that popular artist and enterprising manager merits special praise for his literary taste, as well as for the excellent manner in which the drama of Euripides was placed on the stage.

ALHAMBRA THEATRE.—"DIE FLEDERMAUS."

Vienna is one of the chief musical centres of Europe, and when reports arrived in this country, to the effect that the Viennese were crazy with delight at a new opera entitled *Die Fledermaus* ("The Bat"), musical people in London felt a natural anxiety to hear that work—particularly as the composer of the music was the tuneful Johann Strauss. On Monday last an English version of the piece was produced at the Alhambra Theatre, or, rather, an "adaptation" by Mr. Hamilton Clarke, who has added to the work a chorus, a finale, and ballet music, all of his own composition. Whether much or little of the original music by Strauss has been discarded for the purpose of finding room for Mr. Clarke's music, and for the "Hungarian Ballet" introduced in the second act, we are unable to say; but we are at a loss to understand how the music which remains can have acquired popularity. Probably the gaiety of the original story, coupled with the present popularity of Strauss as a director and composer of dance music may have helped to obtain for it a factitious success; but as pure music *Die Fledermaus* is lamentably weak and ineffective. The opening chorus and the finale, written by Mr. Hamilton Clarke for the first act, are clever, if not particularly effective; the ballet music, written by him for the Hungarian Ballet at the end of the second act is delightfully bright and characteristic, and if he could reset the entire opera with skill such as that he has evinced in this most welcome music, we should be quite willing to dispense with the music of Strauss. The tenor aria, "Little Dove," the stretto of the trio, "So I must leave thee," the finale to the second act, and the song, "Thus if a young maid I'm playing" (capitally sung by Miss Adelaide Newton), are the only pieces deserving mention, and none of them soared above mediocrity. The duets and trios were lamentably weak in harmony and construction. The song, "The customs of my country," which was encored, does not possess one original idea, and was not improved by the style in which it was sung. Miss Monroe should be told that the word "grievous" is not pronounced "grievous," and might at the same time be advised to moderate her style, and to refrain from shakes, scales, and other vocal embellishments, until she knows how to execute them. The principal female rôle was undertaken by a débutante, Mlle. Cabella, who has apparently learnt the art of vocalisation, but who sings flat, and speaks the English speeches unintelligibly. The only really acceptable singing was that of Miss Adelaide Newton, who sang like an artiste, and obtained a well-deserved encore for the song, "Thus if a young maid." The plot of the piece is amusing, and frequent laughter was elicited by the acting of Mr. H. Paulton (Baron Eversmith) and Mr. Rosenthal (Count Falke). The former gentleman, at a masked ball, where he was disguised as a butterfly, had played a practical joke on the latter gentleman, who had been costumed as a bat. The three acts of the opera are devoted to the working out of "The Bat's Revenge" on his friend, the Baron, who is eventually discomfited, and becomes the laughing-stock of his friends. Mr. Paulton worked hard for the opera, and was well aided by Mr. Rosenthal, Mr. Loredan, Mr. J. Shaw, and Mr. Jarvis. Miss Emma Chambers, as a sentimental but pert waiting-maid, infused much gaiety into the piece; and minor parts were well played by Miss Vane, Miss Beaumont, &c.

The scenery particularly in the first act, was beautiful; the costumes, by Miss Fisher, reflect great credit on that lady's taste; the orchestra were all that could be desired, and Mr. Jacobi conducted the performance in the most masterly manner. If *Die Fledermaus* contained no other attraction, the splendid "Hungarian Ballet" of the second act would be sufficient to ensure its success. A more tasteful and brilliant spectacle has seldom been witnessed, even at the Alhambra.

Miss Agnes Larkcom has been singing with great success at several of the leading towns in the Midlands and North of England.

It is now 37 years since "the Barons" made their *début* in Buckinghamshire as masters of hounds, starting with a few couples of Sir Charles Shakerley's staghounds, and adding drafts from the kennels of the Old Berkeley, Harvey Combé, and, above all, the Fitzwilliam; and when it is remembered that these hounds were, as a rule, drafted from their own packs on account of their excessive speed, it is little wonder that a pack of flyers was soon established, to be still further improved year by year by the addition of fresh blood of the best strains. Frederick Cox, who has hunted the Baron's hounds for 22 seasons, takes for his motto "Excelsior," and promises still further improvement, the necessity for which, however, is not obvious to a casual observer, more especially when he hears this sportsman, of such lengthened experience, give his opinion that the best deer that was ever uncared could not live before the present pack for more than 60 minutes across the best parts of the Vale.

THE DRAMA.

The regular dramatic season closed on Saturday night with the termination of the engagement of Mr. Barry Sullivan, who, from the accident which occurred to him in the final combat in *Richard III.* on the previous Tuesday, was unable to appear on the subsequent evenings. *Macbeth* and *Richard III.*, however, continued to be alternatively represented, Mr. William Bennett taking Mr. Sullivan's characters in those plays. The performances at the Princess's and Globe were temporarily suspended on the same evening to allow for the preparations for the Christmas novelties at these houses.

Mrs. Bateman re-opened the Lyceum for the regular dramatic season on Saturday night, with a resumption of *Macbeth*. Mr. Henry Irving and Miss Bateman (Mrs. Crowe) reappearing in the two principal characters, supported by almost the identical cast of last season and met with an enthusiastic reception.

No less than six novelties, unusually numerous for the week preceding Christmas, have to be recorded on the present occasion. Of these, Mr. Byron's new comic drama, in three acts, *Our Chums*, produced at the Opera Comique, on Saturday, and the American drama, *Si Slocum; or the American Trapper and his Dog*, in which the Frayne family, styled "The Kentucky Rifle Team," appeared on Monday evening at the Olympic. Little can be said in commendation: the former with a plot of the slightest possible texture, and of little interest, certainly produces some amusement from the quips and quaint conceits, in the usual Byronic vein, which pervade the dialogue, and the contrasted humour, respectively mercurial, dry, and incisive of Mr. Terry and Mr. Byron, who sustain the parts of "The two old chums." The only other redeeming feature is the admirable comedy acting of Miss Litton as Miss Amaranth Greythorpe the adventuress, whose aim is to secure a rich husband, and with whom the Two Chums fall in love and decide between themselves by tossing which of them should prosecute the suit. The two love-making scenes between Miss Amaranth and each of the Chums in succession are the most amusing episodes in the piece. The American play at the Olympic is a wild, incoherent, sensational drama of the most transpontine type. The two new Christmas burlesques, produced in anticipation of Boxing-night, respectively at the Gaiety and Strand, on Thursday evening—*William Tell, Told Again*, by Mr. R. Reece, at the former, and *The Lying Dutchman*, at the latter. In addition to the usual day performances at Sanger's, Hengler's, The Duke's, and German Reed's, Mr. Toole will appear in *Robert Macaire* and *The Spelling Bee* at the Gaiety matinée to-day. The children's pantomime will be represented for the first time at the Adelphi, and a morning performance at the Opera Comique for the benefit of Mr. Bruce Phillips, the courteous and indefatigable secretary at the Westminster Aquarium. The programme is very attractive, comprising among other items, selections from *Romeo and Juliet*, and *King John*; the farces, *Cut off with a Shilling*, and *Crazed*, in which Messrs. E. Terry, C. Collette, W. G. Hill, H. B. Conway, Howard Paul, Edgar Bruce, Mesdames Jennie Lee, Rose Coghlan, Louise Henderson, Maggie Brennan, and other well-known artists will appear.

The events announced for to-night are the re-opening of the Princess's, where the representations of Mr. Wills's play of *Jane Shore* will be resumed, with Miss Heath, who is re-engaged, as the ill-fated heroine, and the cast greatly strengthened by Mr. S. Emery and other favourite artists; to be followed by the production of the new Christmas ballet pantomime, *Focko, or the Brazilian Ape*, in which the Martinettis will appear; the re-opening of the Royalty with Offenbach's *Orphée aux Enfers*, supported by Miss Kate Santley, Miss Rose Cullen, and Messrs. Stoyle, Kelleher and W. H. Fisher in the leading parts. The production at the Criterion of a new comic drama by James Mortimer, entitled *Dorothy's Stratagem*, and the first representation of the pantomimes at the Surrey and Marylebone theatres.

ROYAL VISITS TO THE THEATRES.—The Princess of Wales, the Duchess of Mecklenburgh-Strelitz, and suite, were present on Tuesday evening last week at the representation of *New Men and Old Acres* at the Royal Court Theatre; on Friday the Princess, accompanied by the Prince of Wales, again visited the theatre; and on Saturday night their Royal Highnesses attended the Opera Comique.

Pygmalion and Galatea will be revived at the Haymarket shortly after Christmas, with Miss Henrietta Hodgson as Cynisca, and Miss Marion Terry in Miss Madge Robertson's part of Galatea. Mr. Conway most likely will be the Pygmalion.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.—A morning performance of *An Unequal Match* will take place on Boxing Day for the "first time this eight years;" and also a morning performance on Saturday, Dec. 30, of *Dan'l Druse, Blacksmith*.

Miss Eleanor Buxton has just concluded a highly successful "starring" engagement at Southampton. Is there no room for this admirable actress—in London.

THE CASTLE CLUB STEEPELCHASES, ISLE OF WIGHT.

On Tuesday, the 12th inst., our Special Correspondent and Artist, left London by the picturesque route of the Direct Portsmouth line, to see the nature of the sport, of which we had heard so much, in the little Island so dear to Tourists—sport held in connection with the Castle Club.

This excellent institution, the Jockey Club of the Isle of Wight, was established about three years ago, for the purpose of affording annually two days' sport, to consist of steeplechasing and flat racing. It was started by Mr. D. A. Hambrough, of Steephill Castle, the Lord of the Manor and Squire of the place, and it derives its name from Steephill Castle, his residence at Ventnor. The grandfather of the present Squire made Ventnor when he built the castle; until then Ventnor was merely a farm, and in the cove below there were several fishermen's huts, with no other houses in the place. Old Mr. Hambrough then, at his own expense, erected and endowed the present Parish Church, built the Parsonage House and the National Schools, and from that time Ventnor has gone ahead. The present Squire is now the president of the club, and Mr. Snowdon Henry, of East Dene, Bonchurch, is the vice-president, whilst Mr. W. M. Judd, of the Marine Hotel, is the indefatigable Hon. Secretary. There are now about 150 members, comprising most of the gentry of the neighbourhood, and all the principal farmers of the island. The races are run under the Grand National rules. No money is run for, but silver cups, varying from £25 to £45 in value, constitute the prizes. None but members of the club can ride at the meetings, unless it be an officer in full-pay in the Army or Navy. The rules are very stringent, and no member would be permitted to remain in the club whose character was at all shady. In the twentieth and three following rules—which we quote—the Castle Club method of managing the race-meeting is clearly set forth:—"In all nominations the horse entered must be clearly defined, so as to be identified; and the committee and stewards shall have power to disqualify any horse they may think unfit to compete. The stewards for each race-meeting shall be elected by the members at a meeting previously held for that purpose. No gentleman qualified for steward unless a member of the club. The committee and stewards to manage and arrange the value and nature of the stakes; also to classify the horses according to their speed

and performances, in order to equalise the races as much as possible. All riders to appear in proper racing costume, and to ride in colours."

The Club now possesses spacious and elegant rooms in the new wing of the Marine Hotel (erected for the purpose), which includes reading room, smoking room, billiard room, &c.

Had Sir John Astley's proposed new rule been carried—namely,

that the value of all stakes should be worth £50—the Castle Club

Meetings could not have been carried on, as they have no extra-neous aid—in point of fact, there being no subscription towards the funds received outside the Club, and no "gate money" taken at the gate.

There are dozens of similar genuine steeplechase meetings which would have been doomed had this rule been passed—especially those meetings held by the different hunts at the close of the hunting season.

The Castle Club have two courses, both on one of Mr. Ham-

brough's farms. The flat course, which is two miles in extent, is

on the down immediately above the steeplechase course, where,

in the spring, some first-class hurdle and flat-racing takes place.

This spring meeting is the more popular of the two with owners

of horses; the hunting season being then over, they care less for

the chance of a break-down, as the summer is then before them.

The principle of the classification of the horses for the different races is certainly an original one. It was, we believe, suggested by the clerk of the course, and seems to answer very well in a place like the Isle of Wight, where every hunting man knows pretty well to an ounce the form of his neighbour's horse. The plan adopted is this; the entries are all sent to the clerk of the course, and the Stewards and Committee then meet, and the horses are put in the different races according to their merits, so that the slow, the fast, and the moderate paced animals have a race to themselves. In consequence the finishes are invariably very close, dead-heats and "short heads" being frequent.

The meeting, which took place on Wednesday week, was favoured with beautiful weather, and largely patronised. The stewards were D. A. Hambrough, Esq., (president of the club), J. Snowdon Henry, Esq., J.P. and D.L., vice-president; Col. Atherley, Col. Currie, Sir G. H. Graeme, Bart., John Harvey, Esq., M.F.H., Capt. C. Norris, Capt. Barchard, A. E. Edgeworth, Esq., Edward Geach, Esq., W. Baron Mew, Esq., Walter Ray, Esq., and Capt. F. Young. Mr. W. T. Lambert, of the Freshwater Bay Hotel, acted in the capacity of judge; Mr. Henry Owen as starter, and Mr. W. M. Judd efficiently performed the duties of clerk of the course. The joint secretaries were Mr. W. M. Judd and Mr. R. C. Derry.

THE STEWARDS' CUP, given by the Stewards; weight for age; the second saved his entrance fee. 6 subs.—Mr. Walter Mew's Piggy, aged, 12st 3lb (Mr. Skrine), 1; Mr. Brading's King Pippin, 4 yrs, 11st (Mr. Jolliffe), 2; Mr. E. Geach's The Kite, aged, 12st 3lb (Mr. Conquest), 0; Mr. F. Wheeler's Tommy, aged, 12st 3lb (Mr. Harding), 0. Won cleverly.

THE CASTLE CUP, given by D. A. Hambrough, Esq.; 2 miles; weight as above. Eight entries; five starters.—Mr. Alfred Pound's Champion (Mr. Haynes, 107th Regt.), 1; Mr. W. Mew's Femme de l'Air (late Venomous), 6 yrs (Mr. Skrine), 2; Mr. R. C. Derry's Happy Thought (Mr. H. Jolliffe), 0; Mr. Conquest's Hilarity (Owner), 0; Mr. F. Wheeler's Filbert (Mr. Harding), 0. Won by a length.

THE CLUB CUP, given by the club; about 2½ miles; weights as before. Five subs.—Mr. Haines's Mummy (late Egyptian), (Owner), 1; Mr. Skrine's Fiction (Owner), 2; Mr. W. M. Judd's Beverley (Owner), 0. Fiction stepped upon a hurdle, which had been thrown down, and lamed herself, and Egyptian won on sufferance.

THE UNDERCLIFF PLATE, given by club; weight same as Club Cup; 14lb extra for horses entered in Club Cup, and 7lb for horses entered in the Castle Cup. Non-starters in either of the previous races to pay half a sovereign to the funds. Nineteen subs.—Mr. Derry's Happy Thought (Mr. H. Jolliffe), 1; Mr. Conquest's Hilarity, aged (Owner), 2; Mr. Conquest's Kathleen (Mr. Haynes, 107th Regt.), 0. Won easily.

At six o'clock a number of the stewards and other gentlemen dined together at the Royal Hotel. Colonel Currie presided, and Mr. H. Ribbands, of the Bonchurch Hotel, occupied the vice-chair. The usual loyal and patriotic toasts were given from the chair. The name of Captain Barchard was associated with the toast of the Army, and the toast having been heartily drunk, that gentleman responded.

The Chairman then proposed "Success to the Castle Club," associating with the toast the name of Mr. W. M. Judd, the Clerk of the Course and Secretary. The Chairman passed a high eulogium upon Mr. Judd for the interest he had always manifested in the club, and for the way he worked to render it a success.

Mr. W. M. Judd, in responding, disclaimed being entitled to the honour the Chairman had put upon him. He said it depended upon the members of the club whether in future it would be prosperous, whether it was now only in its infancy, or whether it had already arrived at a green old age. He spoke hopefully and cheerfully of the future prospects of the club, and gave its history from the commencement. He awarded to D. A. Hambrough, Esq., the honour of starting the club. He spoke in commendation of the rule of the club that all the horses were to be entered for one race, and that the apportioning of them to the several races was left to the discretion of the stewards. In this way, Mr. Jolliffe, who had a fast horse, would not be entered with Mr. Judd, who had a slow one, but each would be entered with horses with whom they could compete. By this means sport was encouraged. This was the aim of the Castle Club—to promote sport. They ran for cups, and he looked upon it as a greater honour to win such cups as they saw there to-night, which might be handed down from generation to generation, than he did to win money, which might be spent the week after being won. He thanked the company for the distinguished honour they had done him.

Mr. W. M. Judd, in a few appropriate remarks, proposed the toast of "The Press," coupling with it the name of Mr. Sturgess, the representative of the *ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS*. He said Mr. Sturgess was the greatest draughtsman of a horse of the present day, and the columns of the paper he represented would, he believed, contain references to their doings that day.

Mr. Sturgess briefly responded, and said he had never been at a private meeting where he had enjoyed himself so much; or, where sport, pure and simple, was so exclusively the object of all concerned.

WILD FOWL SHOOTING IN NORTH AMERICA.

OUR sketch illustrates a danger to which happily our wild-fowl shooters at home are never subjected, viz., that of losing their dog by the advent of an ugly pike-headed alligator. The stricken bird has dropped heavily into the water, and the active spaniel has plunged into the river after it, when suddenly the poor beast sees the horrible danger he is in, and dizzily howls his fear. Let us hope either that the alligator will prefer bird to dog, or that a timely discharge from the wild-fowler's trusty Westley-Richards will alter the aspect of affairs, and save the good dog's life. Yet alligators are useful enough in their way as scavengers. Such a scene as our artist has depicted is no unusual one on the Mississippi, and other rivers in the southern parts of North America, and in the swamps and lagunes those rivers form when they are swollen by winter floods.

FRESHWATER BAY.

LAMBERT'S FRESHWATER BAY HOTEL, ISLE OF WIGHT.

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AND
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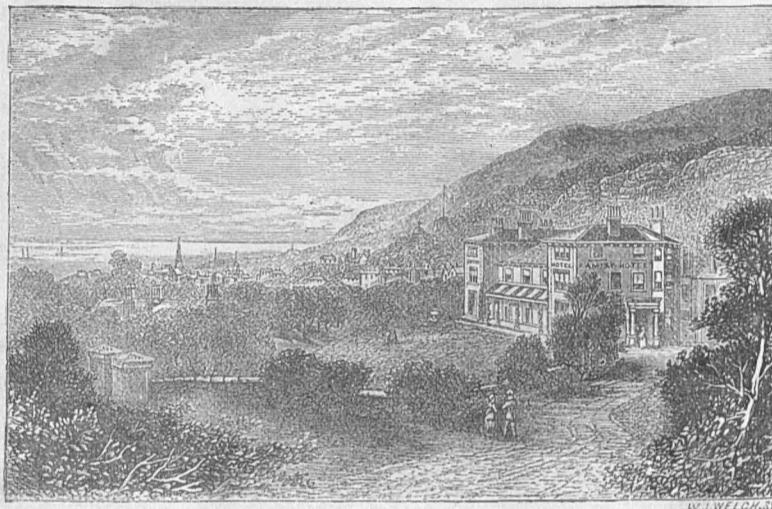
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"Bonchurch, the portal of the Undercliff, with its cliff walls, and rugged, isolated rocks, and sheltered nooks, and picturesque residences, 'in the very style a poet would have imagined and a painter designed,' * 'still,' in Dr. Arnold's words, 'the most beautiful place on the coast on this side Genoa.' " † (See "Quarterly Review," July, 1874.)

* "Stirling." + "Arnold's Life and Correspondence," Vol. ii., p. 45.



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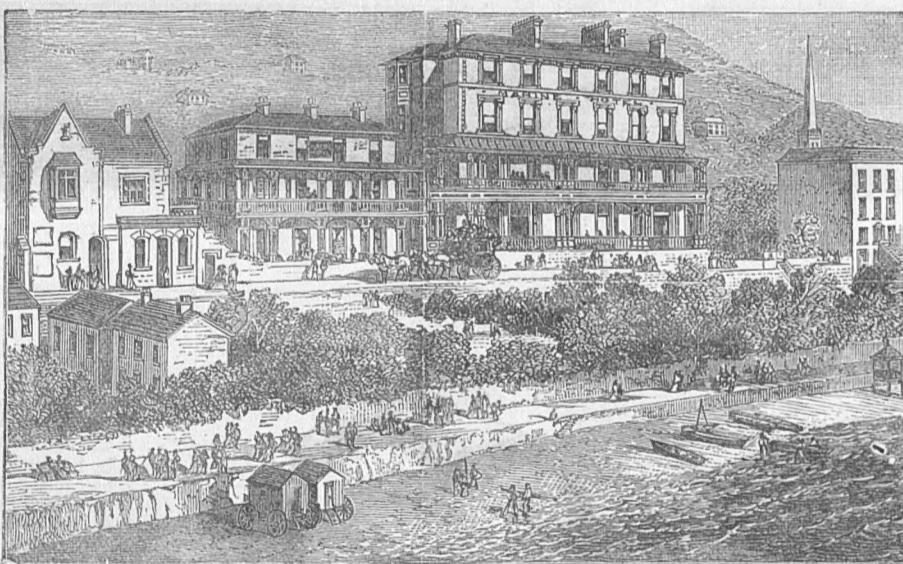
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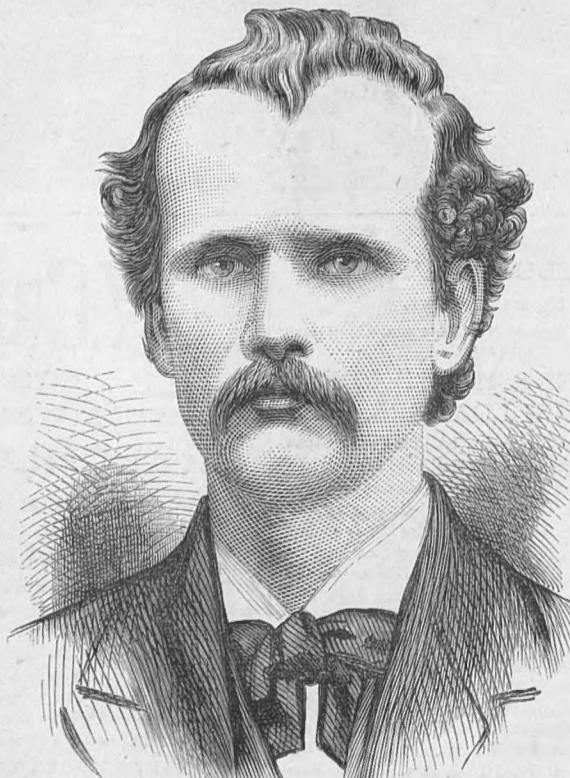
A CHRISTMAS BOX.

A CHRISTMAS BOX.

THE late Charles Dickens, in one of his works, speaking of theatrical management, and the liberal treatment of actors, said, "There can be no better means of securing the hearty good will and co-operation of the parties employed in undertakings of any description than treating those employed in a spirit of generosity and courtesy," and those who think with him may rejoice in the excuse which Boxing-day presents for the display of such a seasonable spirit. But it is not everyone who would regard as courteous the generosity which sent to their abode such a Christmas Box as the basket-load of kittens represented in our illustration. Miss O'Leary, however, may be of a different opinion, and may be quite as prepared to lavish caresses upon the noisy tenants of the basket, as blessings upon the generous donor of such a Christmas Box.

DANIEL O'LEARY.—WESTON'S RIVAL.

THE great pedestrian contest between Crossland and O'Leary which took place early in November last, was the first of its kind, all others having been matches against time, over twenty-four hours long. Daniel O'Leary, whose beating of Weston's distance for a six day's walk at Liverpool some weeks ago, will be fresh in the minds of most of our readers, has for some time past been recognised as the long-distance champion of America, and is credited with having also defeated Weston by 51 miles in 500 at Chicago in November of last year, when he compassed 503 miles in less than six days. He was very sanguine of his ability to vanquish his English opponent on the above named occasion; but Crossland's party, we may say, were quite as sanguine, and we believe backed their man for a pretty considerable sum over and above their share of the stake. In the result, as our readers know, O'Leary came forth the victor, a doctor who was sent for in consequence of his rival's condition having issued the following certificate;—"P. Crossland—Head of femur, or thigh bone, inflamed. Painful; unable to walk without great pain. Pulse 88." Mr. T. Noble therefore, on behalf of Peter Crossland, gave in, and did not require that Daniel O'Leary should complete the distance of



DANIEL O'LEARY.—WESTON'S RIVAL.

300 miles. At the time this announcement was made there must have been from 15,000 to 20,000 persons present. Both men were loudly cheered, and a subscription was got up for Crossland, which realised a substantial sum, which he had heartily well earned by his most indomitable pluck and gameness. Time after time he spurred in the most wonderful manner possible, and he often out-paced the American, who worked unceasingly. Even after the defeat, his backer and trainer, T. Noble, of Nottingham, stated that he was prepared to match him against any man in England for £500 a-side to walk 150 miles, making no exception, not even of his conqueror O'Leary. O'Leary has now sent a cheque for £100 to the editor of a sporting contemporary to bind a six days' match against Weston, whose present great feat "Exon" has dealt with in another column.

THE BIRMINGHAM DOG SHOW.

The seventeenth annual exhibition of this famous show displayed no falling off in interest or value. Our artist has selected from the dogs those prize winners which were most attractive, and we append their names below in the order in which they figure in his drawing, together with their numbers in the catalogue:—

188. Eos Cymrwy.	453. Rolla.	567. The Shah.
9. Bell.	10. Torunn.	297. Rock.
	997. Max.	42. Flasher.
		46. Merryman.
		39. Lucifer.
		54. Music.

SNIPE SHOOTING.

SNIPE shooting tests the endurance and patience of the sportsman to a greater extent than most other forms of sport. Toil-some work in wet and dirt are always his lot, and whether it take him over moor, mire or water, in the swamps and bogs his game loves best to breed in, it is well for him if his body is robust and strong, and his constitution sound. Our readers in fenny districts who love the gun will add to all the discomforts and difficulties we have suggested, the further difficulties presented to the aim by those peculiarities of flight which characterize the snipe.

OUR CAPTIOUS CRITIC.

SELDOM is it my lot in these painfully tame and depressingly matter-of-fact days, to witness a drama capable of rousing in the bored, blasé critic some small degree of animation. Such, however, has been my lot this week; and I beg at once to offer my most humble and heartfelt thanks to Mr. Clifton W. Tayleure, Esq., for having "written expressly for Mr. and Mrs. Frank Frayne and their Kentucky Rifle Team, the famous American drama, entitled *Si Slocum*."

I am not one of those supercilious persons who affect indis-

then what will become of me? I tremble to think of it. But all my aesthetic enthusiasm is oozing out at my finger-ends, like the valour of Bob Acres. I feel as if it may be possible for me, one of these days, to say: "Oh, the legitimate drama be hanged!" Fancy a man arrived at that condition in which he doesn't know a hawk from a handsaw, and says he don't care neither. I shudder at the frightful picture! But, at all events, I don't conceal anything from you, do I? I make a clean breast of it always with regard to the state of my mind. And if any of you are not satisfied, I will return you your monies at the door. I can say no fairer than that, I'm sure. And let me tell you more. I know men who go about pretending to be great admirers of the legitimate drama and all that, when in their hearts they would a deal rather have a music-hall entertainment. And I think its very wrong of them, so I do. If my tastes are humble, behave as such—so to speak—lastways, as the saying is. And if my simple tastes were regaled, if my imagination (I've got a good strong one too) was stimulated by the "Famous American Drama" I witnessed at the Olympic Theatre on Monday night last, do you think I am going to deny the fact? No—not if you

To return to the Olympic, I am of opinion that Mr. Henry Neville, when he resolved so effectually to anticipate the other Christmas pantomimes, ought to have entitled this miraculous drama *Harlequin Si Slocum, or the Frayne Family Robinson, and their Intellectual Dog Jack*. Because the wild antics of the annual gnome and demon, the "comic vagaries of clown and pantaloons, and old woman with the large poke bonnet, in short all the elements of a pantomime, even to the transformation scene, are here burlesqued in a grave, melodramatic fashion that is indescribably funny. There is Si Slocum himself, the virtuous hero, represented by Mr. Frank Frayne, the "dead shot." He is pursued relentlessly by the King of the Demons, Julian Ramon Vasquez, darkly played by Mr. Flockton, whose appreciation of the humour of the whole thing is immense. The unctuous with which



Olympic Games

ference after they have been thoroughly entertained. I pride myself upon my gratitude. Indeed, the wearisome theatrical round of my weekly toils is not so often relieved by any gleam of excitement that I can afford to overlook the slightest. Ah, me! I have had a wretched time of it lately among the theatres. Not that art has declined; but my organ of appreciation has somehow, I fear, become deranged. There have been so many demands made upon it lately—you know. In my case the interesting little proverb is inverted, and it is too much play that has made Jack a dull boy. Languidly have I attended to the just claims of Gilbert, drowsily have I endeavoured to discriminate the merits of Albery, Byron has per-



were to tear me to pieces in the gory arena with thorough-bred cab-horses. Enough, therefore, of this trifling.

The critic sighs, and opes the Olympic door,

He sees *Si Slocum*, and cries "Si no more."

As a literary masterpiece I will not attempt to rank this wonderful drama among the very highest works of the classic stage, because a critic must above all things be just. But this I will say, that somewhere below them it must undoubtedly be placed. It seems, in fact I may say Kentucky Rifle teams, with startling incident and alarming effect.

Captain Mayne Reid, cherished friend of my early boyhood, how was it that the bill of the play brought back to my memory the dear delights of certain well-thumbed romances, which, concealed between the sedate covers of Caesar's commentaries, many a time and oft thrilled me with untold excitement, as I followed the adventures of American trappers with Mexican outlaws, and inspired me with vague, but burning fancies, as I dwelt on each glowing description of dusky Indian maid or dark-eyed Spanish gitana? The fact is, this drama—*Si Slocum*—is like nothing so much as the fevered dream of a romance-devouring schoolboy. Incoherent as such a dream, it has no settled origin; now it is a Mayne Reid picture of stalwart backwoodsman and treacherous half-caste—again it is the Swiss Family Robinson, with all their marvellous domestic comforts and ingenious shifts to compel fortune—again



General aspect of the Englishmenbers of the Company

he delivers his diabolical sentences, never for an instant betraying consciousness of his own drollery, is itself a triumph of comic acting. Next comes the fairy grandmother, Ruth Slocum (Mrs. Frank Frayne), who submits to all sorts of fantastic ordeals to protect the good people—such as, allowing Si to shoot an apple off the pinnacle of her Mother Shipton hat, a feat which, of course, while striking terror into the hearts of the audience, does not frighten her a bit, as she knows it is all a trick, because the good Lord Chamberlain would never allow any hero of pantomime, however virtuous and skilful, to shoot a real bullet over his shoulder into the private box on the prompt side. Next comes the fairy princess, Grace Townsend, played by Miss Carlisle, who goes through her mock scenes of wild distress and ultimate rescue with infinite humour. I must not neglect to mention the imp of



Mr. F. Frayne — (on
this occasion only)

sistently punned me to sleep. My spirit has groaned over what a polite lady of my acquaintance calls "tin-pot adaptations from the French"; and the legitimate drama (I don't care who hears me say it) has become my very dreaded, most dreadful nightmare. Not even that exciting combat at the end of *Richard III.* (for the untoward accident which attended him in it, let me here offer to the distinguished and amiable tragedian my sincere regrets), not even that has been able to overcome the determined lassitude of my intellects. Isn't this an awful state of affairs, my friends? Good gracious! Why, if this sort of thing goes on I shall soon be unfit for the society of educated persons, and



it is the shooting-saloon kept by the fat woman in the country fair—another time the cracking of rifles and exploding of powder magazines, with the consequent escape of the hero and his interesting family, who, unlike their enemies, are all perfectly fireproof, bring to mind some of the less high-toned romances of our school-days. Methinks I have had such dreams some time in my life. What would I not give to have them again? But they are fled for ever. I don't seem to relish Mayne Reid's books now. Though I still admire his splendid and dignified style. If there is any literary style that I should like above all others most to emulate, it is his. But I am afraid I have not the requisite fancy or imagination for so great afeat.

the pantomime, Master Frankie Frayne, whose tricks were the wonder of all beholders. As Ceyote Tobe, an outlaw, and Jake Bledrac, Mr. James M. Butler and Mr. Dibdin Culon prove themselves excellent burlesque actors, and do not let me forget to give a word of praise to the wonderful performing dog, Jack. Among the less comical, but still prominent, characters, must be reckoned Jerry Blackburn, a person of colour, and Mickey Doran, a Mile-sian. The transformation scene is highly effective. It represents the demons' cavern blown up by gunpowder, and changed into a smiling landscape, crowded with free and happy peasants. In short, although the glories of the "Lane" and the "Garden" have yet to be disclosed, I think I may safely congratulate Mr. Henry Neville upon having produced the best pantomime of the season.

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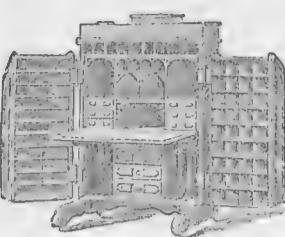
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Entries close January 1st, 1877. Entry forms, giving
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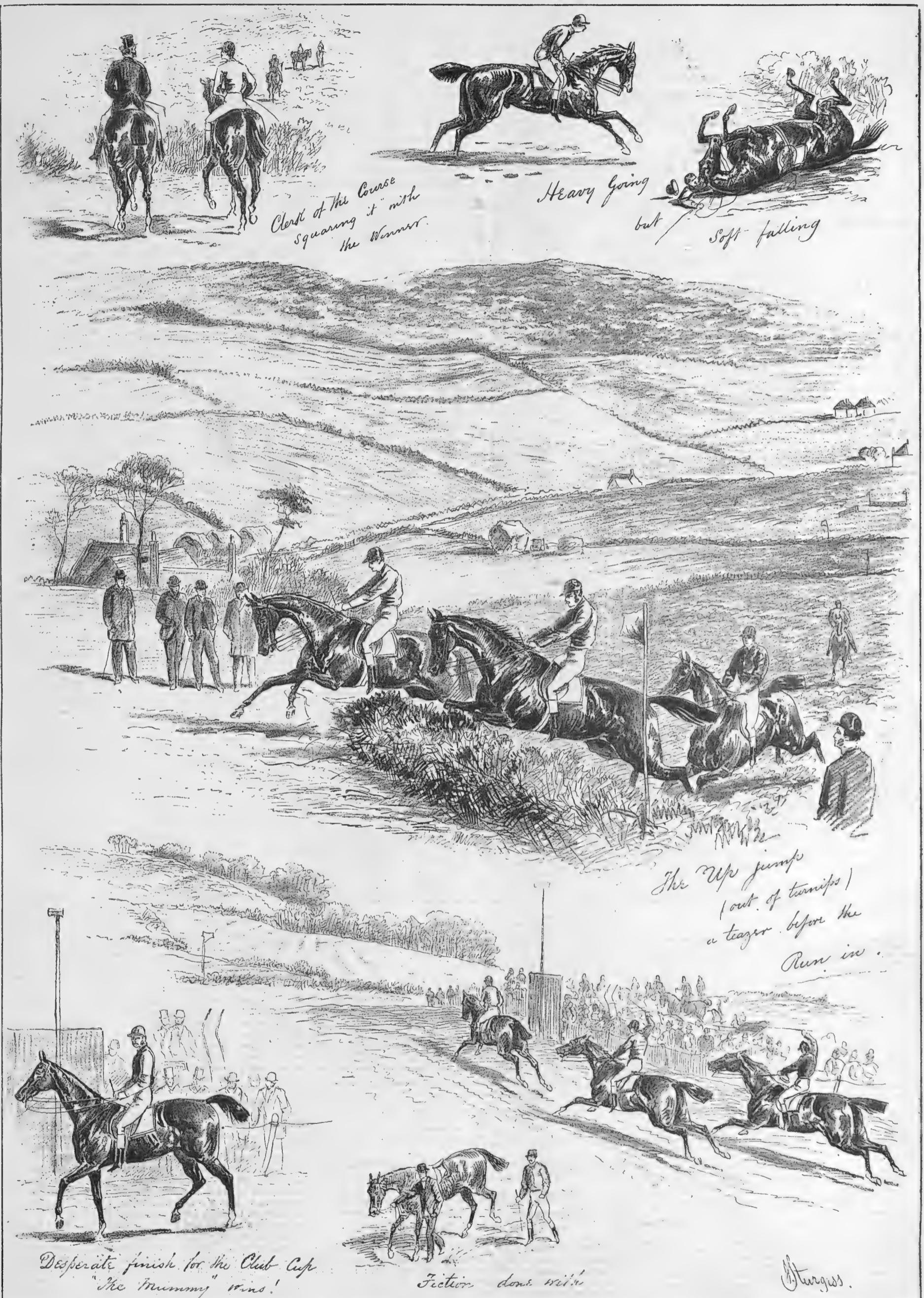
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All communications intended for insertion in "THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS" should be addressed to "The Editor," 148, Strand, W.C., and must be accompanied by the Writer's name and address, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.

The Editor will not be responsible for the return of rejected communications, and to this rule he can make no exception.

Dramatic and Sporting Correspondents will oblige the Editor by placing the word "Drama" or "Sporting," as the case may be, on the corner of the envelope.

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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"We have hitherto answered the larger number of letters containing queries, by post, but these are now becoming so numerous that for the future we shall reply only through the medium of this column.

SPORTING.

THE OAKS.—In further reply to a correspondent, whom we recently answered, "A. B." says, "in 1780 Lord Derby instituted the Derby, and honoured it with the name of his Earldom in 1787. Lord Derby won it with 'Sir Peter Teazle,' the rider being S. Arnould. The 'Oaks' are named after the Villa of 'Lambert's Oaks,' Lord Derby's racing residence at Banstead, Surrey. The Villa was anyhow of great repute, erected by some sporting gentleman. General Burgoyne purchased it and added to it. He was the author of 'The Maid of the Oaks.' Lord Derby bought it, made up more than fifty beds, and entertained the Prince of Wales. He won the Oaks in 1779 with 'Bridget,' the rider being R. Goodison."

G.R.—Will Head commenced his career with the Duke of Rutland's hounds. In 1817 he whipped in the Badsworth, next to "The Squire," and afterwards joined Sir Bellingham Graham, when he hunted Northamptonshire. Thence he went to Cheshire, at first as first whip. "Nimrod" said of him, "He always appeared to me when in Cheshire very zealous to kill his foxes, riding well up to his hounds with a very cheering holloa."

S.B.—The Shifnal was afterwards called the Albrighton.

ONE OF MANY. Mr. Shard gave up the Hambleton country in 1829, in consequence of bad health.

WILL HIBSBURY.—Declined with thanks. Unfortunately for your argument cockfighting was prohibited in the olden times. Edward III. prohibited it, and so did Henry III.

DRAMATIC.

D.C.—Grimaldi made his last appearance on the boards of "Old Drury," in 1828. He died at No. 33, Southampton Street, Pentonville, on May 31, 1837.

RICHNAME.—Garrick played Clodio in *The Fop's Fortune*, at the theatre in Goodman's Fields, on Christmas Day, in the year 1741. Astley opened the same house as an amphitheatre in 1798. The Sailors' Home in Wellclose-square occupies its site.

N. MAER.—Miss Hodson has played Ariel in *The Tempest*.

F.A.—It was adapted from the French.

EMILY G.—According to Mr. Hepworth Dixon the Great Salt Lake City boasts an excellent theatre.

FREDRICK AUSTIN.—The Adelphi Theatre was built originally in 1802 by Mr. Scott, who kept a dye and colour warehouse in the Strand; was opened November 27, 1806, as the Sans Pareil Theatre, for musical, optical, and mechanical entertainments. Dramatic performances were introduced in 1803, and the daughter of the proprietor wrote the plays.

AN OLD ACTOR.—It must have been Oxberry, Junr., who was playing at Manchester in 1820.

SIR GILES.—Will Overreach us. A reply to his question would be such an advertisement as all fairness ought to be paid for.

D.C.—Mr. D. Terry was born in 1780.

HORACE GRIG.—(1) Of all the pantomimes which John Rich put upon the stage between 1717 and 1761, scarce one failed to "draw." (2) The lines—

"The drama's laws the drama's patrons g've,

For we, that live to please, must please to live."

are from a prologue written by Dr. Johnson, and delivered by Garrick on the re-opening of Drury Lane Theatre.

A.—Both *The Insolvent* and Nicholas Rowe's *Fair Penitent* closely resemble the *Fatal Dowry* by Massinger. The latter was printed in 1632, and was acted at the Blackfriars Theatre. *The Insolvent* appeared in 1758, and in a preface to it the *Fair Dowry* is spoken of as a lost or unknown play of Massinger's.

"CHEAP JACK."—Benefits were unknown to the players of Charles the Second's time, and the first who received one was Betterton.

PAUL PRY.—Timothy Peasod is character in an old burlesque tragedy, which was printed in 1714 at Drury Lane, written by Gay, and called a tragico-pastoral farce. It was published in 1716, but we do not think it was acted in that year either at Drury Lane, or elsewhere. The lines—

"Baggipes in butter, flocks in fleecy mountains,

Churns, sheep-hooks, seas of milk, and honey mountains."

were written to burlesque Belvidera's—

"Murmuring streams, soft shades, and springing flowers,

Lutes, laurels, seas of milk, and ships of amber."

F.M.—The lady who wrote her "recollections" under the signature of "An Old Actress," in the *Era*, is dead, and we are not aware of any volume bearing the same title from her pen.

P.L.—Mr. W. J. Birch published a work in 1847 on the Philosophy and Religion of Shakespeare.

ACROBAT.—*Henry the Fifth* was acted at Covent Garden, in 1839, under the management of Macready, twenty-one nights, and at the Princess's by Charles Kean, in 1859, eighty-four nights. In the latter case it was withdrawn while its popularity was still at its height, and up to the last, the houses it drew were the most crowded that theatre had ever known. It was withdrawn to make room for *Henry VIII.*, in which Charles Kean played Cardinal Wolsey.

MUSICAL.

FRED.—Address the Secretary.

THE MAJOR.—We are not sure, but think not.

R. FRANKLIN.—Giacomo Meyerbeer was born at Berlin, in September, 1791 or 1794 (the authorities differ as to the year), and his father was a rich Jewish banker. When seven years old, he was a skilful pianist, and played in public, and in 1803, the *Leipzig Gazette* claimed for him a position as one of the best performers upon the pianoforte. His first opera was *Jephthah's Vow*, produced in 1812, with the libretto by Schreiber. *Robert le Diable* was the first of his French operas, and appeared on Nov. 21, 1832; and he came to England in the same year to superintend its production at the King's Theatre in the Haymarket, then under the management of Mr. Monck Mason. *Les Huguenots* appeared in 1830. G. B. K.—The *Chough and Crow* was first sung in Miss Joanna Baillie's tragedy *De Montford*, to which it belonged, and in which both John Kemble and the elder Kean played. The chorus has, however, survived the tragedy, which is not at all likely to be revived.

D.—Mendelssohn composed a "Morning Service" for Miss Clara Novello, in 1832. An excellent life of Mendelssohn was published by Messrs. Reeves, of Fleet-street, translated from the German of W. A. Lampadius.

MISCELLANEOUS.

V.G.—Not, we presume, Verdant Green, requests us to place before our readers the following, and ask them for a correct translation thereof:

Aaron cler al Moyse venuz

Cest disoit,

Sost estent-il arracer li naz?

Respondi li Dus

O treier li ditz mult mal esteit

Por facon e fust tart fust dreit

Sur vase aveir li naz.

The joke is an old one, but we leave it in the hands of those who may choose to deal with it.

P.H.—Not that we are aware of, but in an old volume of the "Gentleman's Magazine," there was noticed the will of Alice Langham, dated 1448, in which amongst several curious bequests for the comfort of one of her children who had taken the veil, at Swaffham, was the following:—"Also, I leave to William Shakespeare, a poor man of Snayleswell, xz. Also I leave to Agnes, wife of the said William, one best tunic or gown, at the discretion of my executors under-written." Snayleswell is a parish not far from Newmarket, and it has been suggested that as this is the oldest mention of the names, these Shakespeares should be carefully traced in the parish registers, to find if they were our great poet's ancestors.

W.—SMALL.—The park of Chillingham is one of the oldest in the country, although it has not been ascertained at what precise period it was enclosed. Anciently it was bounded on one side by the lands of the Percies, and on the other by those of the Hibbinses. The ancient breed of cattle preserved in it are undoubtedly wild, and have all the characteristics of such animals in their untamed condition. The bulls have no mane and fight for supremacy. The cows breed at three years old, and conceal their young for some days after their birth. The calves suckle nine months.

"OLD JEWRY."—The Tyburn gallows was erected near where the Marble Arch now stands, and took its name from a brook that rose near Hampstead, and had its outlet into the Thames at or near Chelsea. All Oxford street was known as the Tyburn-road, and Park-lane was originally called Tyburn-lane. The place had been associated with the execution of criminals as far back as the reign of Henry IV. Connaught-place was erected exactly on the spot formerly occupied by the gallows, which—as Hogarth showed in his *Idle Apprentice*—was of a triangular form for the purpose of suspending three persons at once. Shakespeare refers to this in *Love's Labour Lost*, wherein Biron says:—

"Thou mak'st the triumvir, the corner cap of society,

The shape of Love's Tyburn, that hangs up simplicity."

In our great dramatist's time, the executions appear to have taken place once a month, for Taylor "the water poet" says, in a poem, published in 1623:—

"I have heard sundry men oftentimes dispute

Of trees that in one year will twice bear fruit;

But if a man note Tyburne, it will appear

That's a tree bears twelve times in a year."

C.K.—We know not of watchmaker of the name you mention, and certainly have never advertised his business, nor been foolish enough to sneer at his trade. A respectable tradesman is a more reputable member of society than an unscrupulous and spiteful journalist.

ROBERT GREEN.—The lines—

"Grandeur intoxicates her giddy brain,

She looks ambition, and she moves disdain,"

were written by Pope on the Countess of Bath, daughter of a glass manufacturer, shortly after her marriage to the Earl. Pope afterwards suppressed the lines.

A.B.F.—Too late.

CURIOS FACTS.—A correspondent to whom we are indebted for many curious little paragraphs on topics of interest, sends us the following paragraphs:—"A Figg for you!"—An expression of contempt from Figg the celebrated prizefighter. When there was a street disturbance the women cried, "Send for Figg," and addressing the billy contemptuously, "There's a Figg for you," and others rejoined, "He's not worth Figg."

"To Dun a Man."—From Thomas Dun, the celebrated robber in the time of Henry I., to whom it is said Dunstable owes its foundation and name. "Why don't you dun him?" is equivalent to saying why don't you demand your money in a peremptory manner, but the early historians say Henry kept his Christmas at Dunstable, but that the roads were infested with robbers dressed up as monks, who joined people walking on the roads, and when they came to a lonely spot robbed and murdered them.

Harlot.—The common name for an unmarried mother, is derived from "Arlotta," the Conqueror's Mother!—Oh, she's an Arlotta!"

MAGOG.—A reader who favoured us with some notes concerning this great giant of civic fame, now adds:—"I have, just by the merest chance, opened 'John of Wallingford.' They say the Goths are descended from Magog, the second son of Japhet, and their name is a corruption of the latter part of this word."

JOSEPH JOHN JARVEY wants to know who wrote the following lines:—

"The naturalists do much discuss,

And make a most terrible learned fuss,

And all to no purpose, which is much *wus*,

one of the most determined bidders who ever sat by a sale ring, but all his expensive purchases seem fated to go the wrong way, and as a breeder he has had but a very small share of luck, albeit Gang Forward and Craig Millar, rather a moderate pair, have rewarded his patience in still hoping for the best. No grade nor distinction in racing seems to come amiss to Captain Machell, and then we come to another home breeder, Mr. Savile, dead out of luck just now, and compelled to be content with the meagre return of £4,578, and having only a few of the average useful sort in the Nunnery stables. Footstep has placed Lord Wilton in the position he occupies next to his old friend, and Ecossais has given Tom Jennings a lift to the top of the trainers' division, but he only "tops" Lord Hartington by six sovereigns, and the latter leaves off with a rising aspect, considering the limited number of horses he has in training. Mr. Gerard cannot have done more than pay his way; but Mr. Vyner and Prince Soltykoff can regard their trainers' bills with comparative equanimity, and to Mr. James Smith we have alluded above. Mr. J. Johnstone is a veteran candidate for turf distinction, though luck has not greatly befriended the blue and silver braid, and the Duke of Hamilton and Mr. Pulteney are close together, while among the smaller fry we come across such well-known names as those of Sir John Astley, Mr. Bowes, Mr. Bird, Mr. Batt, and Mr. Marshall, all of whom are credited with over £3,000. Conspicuous among those "down upon their luck" last season, may be noticed Prince Baththyany, Mr. Chaplin, Mr. W. S. Cartwright, John Dawson, Mr. Padwick, and a few others; but we must refrain from further notice of the list of "winning owners" at present.

BY-THE-BYE,

how completely pantomimes have become associated with Christmas. Now-a-days it is difficult to conceive the two things apart. A pantomime on a summer night would seem to us strange and oddly out of place, and Christmas would lose one of its most prominent holiday charms if it were not pantomime time at the theatres. And yet, in the days of Joey Grimaldi, who died only thirty years ago, pantomimes were played all the year round, and the Christmas weeks had no more right to them than any other had. At Sadler's Wells Theatre—now, alas! no more—in 1819, they had a pantomime on Easter Monday, another on the following Whit Monday, and in the July of the year following another. *Harlequin and Cinderella* was produced at Covent Garden Theatre in April; and in March, 1822, Grimaldi was playing his favourite pantomime of *Mother Goose* at the Surrey Theatre. In the July and August of the year following he was clowning it on the stage of the Coburg in a succession of pantomimes, and I have before me, a playbill in which "families" are requested to occupy their boxes early in the evening, to prevent the forcible occupation of them by "the overflowing of the pit." Imagine poor Joey, who was then seriously ill, playing clown before an over-crowded, turbulent audience, in an ill-ventilated house, on a hot night in July!

And, by-the-bye, poor Joey ought not to be forgotten at pantomime time, although he has been dead these thirty years, and although it is saddening to look back upon him and remember the afflictions and calamities which crowded into the closing years of his career. The graceless evil conduct of his dissipated only son, to whom he was so devotedly attached, and upon whose education he had lavished the best portion of his earnings, preyed constantly upon his mind; his frame was weak, his joints stiff, his muscles relaxed, and "every effort he made was followed by cramps and spasms of the most agonising nature." And yet he kept the crowded houses in a roar of incessant laughter! At Covent Garden Theatre, in March, 1823, we are told that "men were obliged to be kept waiting at the side-scenes, who caught him in their arms when he staggered from the stage, and supported him while others chafed his limbs—which was obliged to be incessantly done until he was called for the next scene, or he could not have appeared again. Every time he came off his sinews were gathered up into huge knots by the cramps that followed his exertions, which could only be reduced by violent rubbing, and even that frequently failed to produce the desired effect." At the close of the performance, while the audience was still convulsed with laughter, and the thunders of its applause seemed to shake the very walls of the theatre, poor Joey Grimaldi was being carried to his dressing-room, powerless and exhausted! A curious contrast this, suggestive of curious thoughts.

By-the-bye, how amusingly the late Charles Dickens told the story of poor Joe's courtship. Do you remember it? May I repeat it from memory? It's a story-telling week this, and so I think I'll venture to do so.

Grimaldi's mother, when there was a rehearsal at Sadler's Wells—where she and her son Joey were engaged—used to take her meals in the dressing-room, and there pass the interval between that and the time for commencing the performance, in needlework. Consequently, between her and a pretty and accomplished young lady, the daughter of the manager, Miss Maria Hughes, a strong feeling of attachment existed, and Joey, taking tea with them on all such occasions, fell deeply, abjectly, in love. The day after he had made some wonderfully great hit in a new piece, on which everybody was congratulating him, flushed, proud, and happy, Joey went to take tea with his mother—and—Miss HUGHES. He had been looking forward to that tea meeting most impatiently. The noble edifice of his fame remained unfinished for want of Her praise, and he was anxious for its completion. As he went, he thought, with his heart in a flutter of excitement, of the glorious opportunity her praise would afford him of saying—in a neat and carefully-studied little speech—how much more precious her approbation was to him than that of any other person could ever be! But, the course of true love, &c. Mrs. Lewis, the wardrobe-keeper, was there, and her presence banished every word of the speech from his memory. Moreover, instead of charming little Maria's girlish outburst of enthusiastic congratulations and praise, there was that abominable old party lavishing her worthless encomiums upon him by the hour, Maria, the while, anerely blushing, and looking happy, and saying—nothing. Perhaps she guessed the mean advantage our uncomfortable friend Joey intended to take. Girls are so curiously quick in their perceptions of such things.

At last, Miss Hughes—invited thereto perhaps by the mother, for a mother's perceptions in such matters are by no means slow—said, hesitatingly, being on her guard, and not knowing what she might betray if she did not control her feelings, said that she thought Mr. Grimaldi had played his part uncommonly well, and, seeing that this faint, cold, commonplace morsel of praise had brought an expression of disappointment into her dear Joey's face, added, with a compassionate gush, that she was certain there was no one in the world who could have played the part so well as he did! Then, the suddenly-delighted Joey, with his face very red, and his eyes very bright, tried eagerly to make the pretty little speech he had prepared for the event, but, alas! not a word would

come! He only succeeded in stammering, and stuttering, and looking so foolish, that the women began to laugh at him, whereupon he abruptly left the room. Dejected, and angry with himself, he went to the green-room, where the actors and actresses began to chaff him about getting a sweetheart, now that his prospects had assumed such a promising aspect. This made him more miserable than before, and he went home to go to bed, to listen to the watchman's monotonous voice, and toss about sleeplessly, through the long, dreary hours, thinking how little chance there was of Miss Hughes being his, and how wretched his life would be without her. How could he, a poor little pantomime clown, hope to marry the daughter of a prosperous theatrical manager? He grew miserable, lost his appetite, shunned company, loved solitude, and every night made the playgoers' sides ache with laughter at his merry doings. To anxious friends, noting his deteriorating condition, he said he wasn't quite well.

"Why, Joe," said Miss Hughes to him, a little time after, when they chanced to meet, "where have you been? I haven't seen you for a fortnight. You never come to tea now. Where have you been hiding?"

"I am not quite well," said Joe, and then he laughed, and then, trying to look cheerful, failed miserably, and burst into tears.

"I see you are not well, you are so very much altered. What's the matter? Pray tell me."

Joe could only cry and sob like a beaten child, although all the time he was upbraiding himself for his weakness and folly. Poor boy! he was not quite sixteen years old, had never been in love before, and wasn't used to it.

Just then, in came Mrs. Lewis. She, like all her sex, was quick in perceiving, and seeing at once how things were going, that delightful old body there and then determined to put matters straight. When she got Joe alone, she wormed his secret out of him, of course under a solemn promise of never betraying it. When she got Maria alone, she went through the same process with her, somewhat more elaborately and cautiously, but with the like result. Then she arranged a secret meeting between the lovers, and then—but you can guess the rest.

And then arose the great difficulty, for of course the course of etc. Mr. Hughes would never give his daughter to a mere clown, however clever that clown might be. At last, in sheer desperation, he wrote to Mr. Hughes, who was at Exeter opening a theatre, while his daughter was at Chatham visiting a friend of her family. Oh! how anxiously Joey waited, day after day, for the reply that never came. Full of desperate, dismal, forebodings, he presently determined to see his love. So one morning he took ship at the Tower stairs and sailed away down the great river. Miss Hughes met him at Gravesend, where the "tide coach" was waiting for them and carried the happy loving little pair to Chatham.

Mr. Vincent de Cleve, facetiously called Polly, treasurer of Sadler's Wells Theatre, and a clever musical composer, hated Grimaldi, forasmuch as he, Joey, had thrown into the shade his dear friend, Hartland, a rival clown, and a very estimable and worthy man. Cleve had his suspicions, and watched Grimaldi, and, of course, with the most amiable intentions in the world, he followed him to Gravesend. Arriving, chuckling over the rod he had put in pickle for Hartland's extinguisher, he landed there just after the tide coach had gone. So no Grimaldi could he find, and no Miss Hughes could he discover. Just as he was going home, full of bitterness, at the close of the day, he saw Joey also returning. The night was a fine one, the breeze favourable, they had a good voyage, and just as day was breaking they landed at Billingsgate stairs. It was too early to disturb those at home, so Joey took a walk, and before that walk was over he had picked up nearly six hundred pounds, the owner of which was never discovered. The story of that singular "find" is told, as only Dickens could tell it, in the "Memoirs of Joseph Grimaldi." And Mr. Hughes came back and saw Mr. Grimaldi on the subject of his note, and wasn't so very angry after all, and—oh! rapture!—finally gave his consent, and went away, sending Maria in to see Joey. And she flying into the room, forgot to close the door, and so a chaste but prying maid-servant was horror-stricken when coming up the stairs, she saw as the Fat-boy saw—"He a kissing her, and she a kissing on him, like anythink!" She told some one, perhaps it was Cleve, and that someone came to Mr. Hughes full of solemn horror, demanding an interview. Surely if anything would ruin Grimaldi, this would! Mr. Hughes listened to this somebody's dreadful story calmly—concentrated anger is never noisy—and thanking the speaker for his friendly kindness and regard for his domestic happiness, he asked him to take a glass of Madeira, and also to favour him with a visit in the same place on the following morning at nine o'clock.

The friend departed delighted. He had settled Joe's business at last. On the following morning Grimaldi was up early to finish certain models of pantomime tricks which he had promised to place on his future father-in-law's breakfast table. He was ushered not into the breakfast room, but into "the treasury," and he found Mr. Hughes not alone but with a gentleman whom he knew to be his enemy, and they both looked so cold and grave, that Joey's lightsome happy heart suddenly grew heavy, and apprehensive of evil.

"Close the door after you, sir," said the manager. "I have a charge of a very serious nature to prefer against you, sir!"

"Indeed, sir!" said Joey tremulously.

"Yes, indeed, sir," echoed his enemy triumphantly.

"And I fear you will not be able to clear yourself, sir," added Mr. Hughes sternly.

And Joey's enemy shook his head and nipped his lips together as one who said "decidedly not!"

"Repeat what you have already told me of Mr. Grimaldi," said the manager.

And the story was repeated with all the colour and exaggeration which malignity and slander could suggest. Grimaldi had basely betrayed the friendship of his employer, and viper-like had planted a sting in the bosom of a happy, united, and honourable family. The actor waxed eloquent in the telling of his story, to which Grimaldi listened with mingled dismay and astonishment.

"Nothing but one thing could justify such conduct," began Mr. Hughes, with seeming indignation.

"Sir!" said Joey's enemy, with greater indignation. "You are too good! much too good! Nothing on earth can justify such conduct—"

"Except the fact that with my consent my daughter and Mr. Grimaldi are on the eve of marriage! I wish you good morning, sir—show this gentleman out, Mary. Come Joe, Maria will be waiting for us, let us go to breakfast!"

And the lucky pair were married and lived happy—ever after? No; only until 1799, for then, in giving birth to a son, Mrs. Grimaldi died. The last tearful words she uttered being those she addressed to her father—

"Poor Joe! Oh, Richard, be kind to poor Joe."

It was an awful loss, yet two months after the usual thick coating of bismuth hiding the furrows which mental anguish had deeply traced upon his poor thin face, the poor heart-sorrowing, comfortless widower tumbled from the wings of Drury-lane Theatre, and was hailed with uproarious delight in a rollicking new Christmas pantomime.

And, by-the-bye, it was in that very pantomime—*Harlequin Amulet; or, the Magic of Mona*—that Mr. James Byrne, when he first played *Harlequin*, introduced, for the first time, that tight-

fitting, heavily-spangled dress of many colours, which has never since been laid aside, and will next Tuesday re-appear in all its ancient glory on the boards it first adorned.

And, by-the-bye again, on that same occasion the Columbine was Miss Bella Menage, who, in 1804, became the wife of Mr. M. W. Sharp, the famous engraver, of whom such strange stories have been told.

And so ends real love story, which has the advantage—if advantage it is—of being true, and one which, although it didn't appear in the last issue of this paper, appears in the number nearest in its publication to Christmas-day, and so may take its place in this humble bye-way as a Christmas story.

Talking of our Christmas Number—which has had, by-the-bye, quite a wonderful sale—reminds me of a Christmas song, by Leigh Hunt, which has some touches curiously appropriate to the present season, and from which two lines would have formed a very appropriate motto for that number. Here is the song; it is well worth re-printing. You will be sure to pick out the two lines I refer to.

CHRISTMAS SONG.

Friends, together met this day,
In the good old Christmas way,
With its merry pastimes rare,
And its jolly unwholesome fare,
And its fire too good to bear,
And the old amazing noise,
Of its young and its old boys,
And the mistletoe, which Molly
Hopes will make 'em still more jolly,
And the berries on its holly,
Like delighted Melancholy,
And a world of wise old folly;
Say, oh say! and let the sound
Run this happy circle round,
What's the height, the topmost blessing,
Of the bliss we're thus possessing?
What the crown of Christmas weather?

Friends together!

Friends together;
Friends, well met and and long together,
That's the crown of Christmas weather.

Friends together! words divine;
Sweetest test of Auld Lang Syne;
First, two small friends, full of glee,
Brotherly and sisterly,
Link'd in those fast-holding bands—
One another's little hands.
Schoolmates, then, who, as they face,
Arms o'er shoulders interlace.
Lovers next, ah! friends indeed,
If their loves their youth exceed
(I have heard that some, for life
Have been husband called, and wife).
Friends like us, then, met in mirth
In a corner of old earth,
And, in spite of earthly leaven,
Hoping we may meet in Heaven;
Hoping there for tearless weather,
Friends together.

Friends together.

Knowing not a care together,
Such as spoils e'en Christmas weather.
Care be welcome, if it be
Comfort's friend, not enemy;
Manhood's nerve, affection's test,
And the work secure of rest;
And to that good end withal,
And the weal of great and small,
Let us rise, Sirs, one and all;
Not against one right possessor,
Not against the Queen, God bless her!
Not against the very assessor,
If he spare the poor man's dresser;
But with glasses full and high,
Like the prospect in our eye,
And this wish to drink it by—
May the whole earth, like this table,
Making Christmas faith no fable,
Stand, ere long, in bloodless weather,
Friends together.

Rain or shine, not caring whether,
Bright in soul and friends together.

And so I leave you, "friends together," heartily wishing you as merry a Christmas, and as happy a New Year as I trust you wish to those "Friends Together," the editor, proprietor, and every member of the literary and artistic staff of the ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS, not, I hope, forgetting their lowly representative,

A. H. DOUBLEYEW.

MISS AMALIA appears at the Theatre Royal, Manchester, at Christmas, and will play the title rôle *Robinson Crusoe*, written by F. C. Burnand.

SOUTH KENSINGTON SKATING GROUNDS.—In the increasing competition for public favour it has long been evident that Skating Rinks, in order to become permanent institutions, must present some attractions beyond a mere surface of asphalt or cement, and an adequate supply of Plimpton's skates. Among the first to realise this fact are the proprietors of the beautiful skating grounds at Roland Gardens, South Kensington, where visitors may find, in the elegantly-furnished reading-room, ladies' room, and smoking-room, and the well-appointed lavatories, many of the comforts and luxuries of a club. Situated in the heart of a populous, though aristocratic, neighbourhood, these grounds are nevertheless singularly free from noise and dust; and the careful supervision exercised renders them not only a charming, but a perfectly safe resort for ladies, as well as in the evening as during the other portions of the day. Their proximity to the Gloucester-road and South Kensington Stations makes them easily accessible from all parts of London. Under the leadership of Mr. Albert Lowe, organist of St. Stephen's, the band has reached a very high point of efficiency.

ADMIRERS, and their name is legion, of the veteran actor Mr. Barry Sullivan, will be concerned to hear of the alarming accident which befel him at Drury Lane Theatre towards the close of the performance on Tuesday week. The combat between the King and Richmond, in the last act of *Richard III.*, was at its height when Mr. Sinclair, who played Richmond, recovering his sword after a downward blow, accidentally ripped up one side of Mr. Sullivan's face. Deeply as we sympathise with the untoward accident that has befallen Mr. Sullivan, we take this early opportunity of stating Mr. Sinclair was not to blame in the matter. Mr. Sullivan has long been notorious for the ardour with which he conducts these famous combats, and though every blow is rehearsed between the actors, nevertheless, in the excitement of the scene, the losing combatant has often a difficult task to protect himself from the intrepid onset of the servid actor. This habit of becoming lost in the personality of a part is common to almost all sincere tragedians. While, therefore, regretting the accident which has temporarily laid aside Mr. Sullivan from his professional duties, we feel great sympathy for Mr. Sinclair, who has hitherto borne himself in these difficult and trying ordeals with singular address and skill.

COUGHS, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS.—Medical Testimony states that no other medicine is so effectual in the cure of these dangerous maladies as KEATING'S COUGH LOZENGES. One lozenge alone gives relief, one or two at bedtime ensures rest. Sold by all Chemists, in boxes, at 1s. 1d. and 2s. 9d. They contain no opium or preparation thereof.—[ADVT.]





MR. H. HOWE IN "DAN'L. DRUCE."

OUI DIRE.

The World satirically warned us the other day against Realism in dramatic art, on the strength of the following story:—One night, during the performance of *Richard III*, the histriots grew excited, and being carried away by their ardour slogged one another fairly well. The results of the battle—not Colley Cibber's—were an archer presenting himself to Mr. Chatterton with an arrow through his nose, and Mr. Chatterton presenting the archer with half-a-sovereign. It is sad to record the greed of the theatrical profession, but so great were the casualties the following evening that had Lady Strangford's fund been applied in half-sovereigns to soothe the anguish of the wounded it would have been as a mere drop in the ocean. But there are two sides here. That is against Realism. This is for it. If Mr. Barry Sullivan had not been so absurdly unrealistic as to go into battle with no protection for his head beyond a royal highly decorative crown, the recent accident, which we all so much deplore, would probably not have occurred.

Now, sanctimonious Stigginses and pious Pecksniffs, who rail at the immorality of the stage and the perilous profession of actors—from whom, by the way, you might with advantage take a few lessons in reading your native language—what do you think of this? Here is one of the greatest of modern living comedians, M. Bouffé, the creator of Michel Perrin, Pauvre Jacques, *Le Gamin de Paris* (the tears that have been shed over that play would float a pretty-sized ironclad), *Les Vieux Péchés*, and, in my own humble opinion, the unrivalled portrayer of Balzac's immortal miser in *Eugénie Grandet* (placed on the stage with the title of *La Fille de l'Ave*), on the 9th of November, celebrating the fiftieth anniversary of his marriage. How? In a thanksgiving service in the little church at Auteuil, where he lives. There is something inexpressibly touching to me (says the writer above quoted) in the thought that this grand old actor, who has so often moved our smiles and tears, should, so to speak, "lay his gift upon the altar" with his wife, when both are nearly eighty years old. "How you ought to bless Providence for the enjoyment of such a calm old age, after a life of such excitement?" said a friend to him. "Yes," said this good gentleman, whose profession we often hear denounced; "but, next to Heaven, I owe it all to my wife."

A SPORTING contemporary asks, "Why do we laugh at a clown in the pantomime? The creature is horribly ugly. His gashly white face is besmirched with streaks of vermillion. He wears false calves and an ungainly dress. We do not laugh at clown because of anything witty that he says, for the clown's ordinary patter is almost always silly, and too often depressing. Such jokes as he makes are generally venerable with age. He is, indeed, a member of the great family of undiscovered humbugs. What is it that clown does which is either becoming, or, from the best point of view, amusing? What justification can he find for leaning out of the first floor window and abstracting the leg of mutton from the tray of the unsuspecting butcher? If one could forgive him for stealing a long row of sausages, no excuse can be found for the indelicacy with which he stows them away in his trousers pockets. Why should we laugh when he flings himself down in front of a doorway in order that an apparently decent old man may tumble over his prostrate body? What moral right has he to treat pantaloons in such a disgraceful manner? Is it not sufficiently bad to knock down the scoundrel flat on his face, without adding insult to injury in lifting him up by the seat of his breeches? Let the moralist narrowly observe clown's behaviour to the female sex. A more or less decent young woman in flesh-coloured silk stockings and a large pattern plaid shawl walks mincingly across the stage. It is the work of an instant for clown to pursue and assault her. Not content with kissing her against her will, he has been known to steal her shawl, and, wrapping his ugly body therewith, imitate the mincing gait of his victim. And lastly, can the most idiotic of clown's admirers justify his assault with a red-hot poker on our harmless guardian, the police?" What have our readers to say to such questions?

THE Art Journal of this month contains the following notice of a famous tavern in Bristol, the Old Bush Hotel, "In the well-situated rooms of Mr. Thatcher—the Fine Art Gallery, College-green, Bristol—there is exhibiting a singularly striking and interesting picture of 'The Bush Hotel in the Old Coaching Days.' At the gate of the venerable inn (it would be style in an hotel in this more ambitious age) several four-horse coaches are preparing to start; they are accurate copies of the time-honoured conveyances, such as flourished when Bristol was, to the wonder of those who lived in those times, brought within twenty hours of London, starting at 8 a.m., and arriving next day at daybreak. It was a great feat, grandly accomplished by two coaches per diem, one in the morning and one in the evening, stopping twice en route to dine and to breakfast, or sup; when the coachman looked carefully before him, and the guard had always his blunderbuss close at hand to protect the letters and the passengers—six inside and twelve out—against highwaymen ever on the prowl. There are not many people living now who can recollect the Bush in its glory. The picture is a capital work, preserving a memory of the exterior of the inn, with the four-in-hand and the muffled-up passengers daring the perils of a journey to the far-distant metropolis. Bristol and London are now brought within two hours and a half of each other, but the 'Flying Dutchman' is not a thousandth part so exciting as the old stage coach. The artist, Mr. J. H. Maggs, of Bath, has depicted the scene capitally. Probably he has never witnessed it, for a man must be somewhat old to have done so, but he has evidently had access to the best authorities, and brings the matter very forcibly to the memories of those who have seen it. The picture is well painted, and is in all ways a production of merit. Of this remarkable work Mr. Thatcher has published a chromo-lithograph: it will have interest for many, for all indeed who desire to preserve records of the 'good old times.' Mr. Thatcher has an excellent room for exhibiting works of this class."

Mr. SAMUEL LANGLEY has written to the *Globe*, defending Richard III. from Shakspeare and Mr. Wills, and, endeavouring to purify that monarch's unfortunate memory from the slanders of his triumphant enemies, Mr. Langley says:—"Having been to see Mr. Wills's new drama, I ask leave to protest most earnestly against the revival in it of that old and long-exploited slander, according to which King Richard is represented as dooming Jane Shore to perish of starvation. The hideous brutality of such a sentence is intensified in the play in that very striking winter scene in Cheapside, where Richard is depicted in the act of cruelly repulsing the wretched famishing creature, when, in tones which might have melted the heart of a stone, she implores him to give her food. Most of the charges laid at the door of King Richard, that giver of good laws, defender of the decencies of married life, patron of learning, protector of commerce, who (as even Lord Bacon, who adopted most of the calumnies circulated against him, was constrained to admit) was also 'jealous for the honour of the English nation,' have long since been proved to be no better than so many slanderous figments. Of the murder of his nephews—the most frightful of the crimes attributed to him—some of our most eminent critics have seen reason to acquit him. With regard to his alleged horrible treatment of Jane Shore, let me say that more than half a century since it was shown to be one of those figments by Mr. Sharon Turner, in his valuable 'History of England during the Middle Ages.' On examining the

Harleian MSS. in the British Museum Library, Mr. Turner discovered incontrovertible proofs that although Jane was forced by the Church to do public penance for her notorious unchastity, first, as the mistress of the late king, and next, as the mistress of Lord Hastings, she was afterwards treated leniently by Richard. . . . Sir, the libelled living can punish their libellers in our English courts of law, but redress for the libelled dead can only be obtained by appealing to the High Court of Public Opinion. In our day we hear much about the rights of women, of children, of horses, cows, dogs, cats, and birds. It is quite time that the rights of the dead should be taken into further consideration. It is quite time to proclaim in the noble court just mentioned that it is dishonourable to falsify, either in novels or in plays, essential features in the characters of historical personages. . . . Surely it is most ignoble for Mr. Wills to charge King Richard with an awful crime which he not only never committed, but which was in total opposition to the general tenor of his conduct towards women. By so doing he has, at the Princess's Theatre, been the means of drawing down maledictions on that monarch's memory from crowds of persons who, if they but knew the real truth of the matter, would have showered those compliments upon a living somebody else whom I need not name." . . . There, Mr. Wills, what do you think of that? But Mr. Langley, why are you not yourself more just? How is it you take no note of the two well-known volumes in which Caroline A. Halsted did so much for the memory of that handsome and amiable, wise and generous, that earliest patron of the drama, which defames him so persistently—Richard the Third?

ANOTHER of our daily contemporaries, dealing with the "Baron's," thinks, although there may be a diversity of opinion as to the comparative merits of fox and stag hunting, there are very few who would not be contented with a spin across such a matchless "country" as the Vale of Aylesbury, where the size of the fences is in unison with the fields, most of which take a good deal of getting over, compelling occasionally those who desire to go in the first flight to "harden their hearts, hustle their horses, and go at them full tilt." In the pursuit of the stag, they who hesitate are lost. There is no time for "craning," if they desire to live with such a pack as the "Baron's," and unless their hearts are in the right place, and they keep their hands down, they will, in sporting parlance, be "nowhere." It is in such countries as the Vale of Aylesbury and the Roothings of Essex, that stag hunting is to be enjoyed in its fullest perfection; for, although the "Queen's" hounds are all that can be desired, the huntsmen, the whips, the horses they bestride, and the deer they hunt, good enough for any time or place, yet the "country" has its serious drawbacks, for the cream of it is gridironed by railways, and studded with semi-detached villas, with their poultry-yards, cucumber-frames, and kitchen-gardens. And then our contemporary tells the following hunting story:—Years and years ago, a curious little scene occurred at Down Barn Farm, Hillingdon, when Anderson's hounds met by stealth at the Adam and Eve at Hayes. The deer was uncared at the back of that dilapidated hostelry; the field included Anderson, Jem Mason, Philpot on "Tam Bouff," a Russian horse and a marvel at timber, Tom Shackle on his celebrated grey, and a man on the leader of the Amersham omnibus, which he had taken from the team, and by a rapid act of horsemanship converted into a hunter, *faute de mieux*; the whole lot were soon sailing over the fences of this park of evil repute. Anderson, who was very "hard of hearing," and who was mounted on a nag which, if he could have been prevailed upon to sell, he would have given but small change out of a "thou," but whose *forte* was not fencing, seeing an irate farmer, gun in hand, and with many imprecations, making tracks to cut him off, asked the man on the bus horse what it meant. "That he will shoot you with as little remorse as he would a garden thrush," was the reply, "if you ride over his wheat." "What is to be done?" "Why, charge that stake and binder fence with the brook flowing on the other side, and get out of his way as soon as you can." Thereupon he hardened his heart and negotiated the lot, and, looking back after the man on the coach-horse, was considerably astonished at finding him landed safely by his side. In the Vale of Aylesbury no such *contretemps* are to be feared. There the landlords and tenants are to the manner born huntsmen, and look with consummate indifference on a few gaps in their fences or a well-trampled piece of wheat, knowing full well that it will be all right when harvest time comes.

THE MAN ABOUT TOWN," of the *Sporting Gazette*, tells us that Mrs. Victoria C. Woodhull, the evangelist of what has been so stoutly and fiercely attacked as "Free Love," in her forthcoming visit to this country, will be accompanied by her sister, Mrs. Jennie C. Claffin, and, adds our authority, they propose appearing on the London stage in a piece written expressly for them. "Wonderment guesses" who is the bold manager who will introduce these two notorious ladies to the London public. Is it Mr. Chatterton, Mr. Hollingshead, or the "People's Caterer"? Nobody knows. It is probable that the Lord Chamberlain will interpose his feeble veto; but two such strong-minded women as Mrs. Woodhull and Mrs. Claffin will very soon talk poor Lord Hertford over. Fancy having to confront those two Amazons! I would not be in the shoes of Mr. Pigott and his chief for worlds. Suppose these two awful women were to insist on making love to the Chamberlain and Censor—suppose they were to carry them off bodily to dine, say at Verre's—they are quite capable of doing both, and I am sure the two victims would be utterly powerless in such determined hands—think what a scandal it would cause—think how the poor drama would suffer!—think—but, no, I can't think more—contemplation becomes a horror. I, however, have faith in one man as the champion of virtue and propriety, that noble and chivalrous young Paladin who yields the pen of dramatic criticism in the *Times*, Mr. Mowbray Morris. That heroic youth will surely fling himself into the breach. Has he not sworn a solemn oath on the gridiron of the Beefsteak Club never to let one single dramatic impropriety escape his withering censure? Here surely is a windmill worthy of his Quixotic lance. By the way, how like the young man is to Arthur Pendennis in his salad days, when he was green in judgment. I wonder how long this stern impartiality will last. Nevertheless, it is a relief to read his articles after the sickening good nature of John Oxenford's reviews, which did more to bring dramatic criticism into contempt than anything before or since. I wish, however, that Mr. Mowbray Morris would write a little better. His style is shockingly slovenly, and quite painful to read. It is not improbable that Mrs. Woodhull will lecture in London as well. In that case, she will, perhaps, give the story of her life as she gives it in America—unless the Society for the Suppression of Vice interferes beforehand.

CERTAIN newspapers, reporting Mr. Bright's recent speech at Birmingham, made that honorable gentleman call himself a "novelist," instead of a "moralist." Was the mistake due to his speech being regarded as "a work of fiction?"

THE Rev. Dr. Aveling, President of the Congregational Union, speaking at Bradford recently, was good enough to state that he was not the father of Mr. Henry Irving. This is a very interesting fact, says the *Public Leader*, no doubt; but will the rev. gentleman tell us who said he was the father of the clever actor? Did Dr. Aveling wish to advertise the Union through the medium of Mr. Irving, or to advertise Mr. Irving through the medium of the Congregational Union. All's fair in love, war, and advertising.

THE HONOURABLE HENRY PETRE'S STAGHOUNDS.

PRESENTATION TO A LADY.

ON Tuesday, the 12th inst., the meet at High Easter was celebrated as a grand field day, it having been determined by the members of the hunt to present to Mrs. Saltmarsh, of High Easter Hall, a testimonial of their recognition of her unvarying kindness and hospitality. Notwithstanding the still comparatively youthful appearance of this very amiable lady, she states with evident pride that she has entertained the members of the hunt at her house for the last forty years (thus carrying out the wishes of her late husband); and the hunt, one and all, can testify to the charming manner in which she has always performed the duties of hostess. Her hospitality has been most deservedly called unvarying, for on one well remembered occasion, when her entire household had been disturbed and alarmed the night before by a severe conflagration on her adjoining farm premises, she provided the proverbially excellent breakfast, with all its perfect surroundings, for the members of the hunt, whom she welcomed with her usual unruffled manner and her quiet pleasant smile. The good wishes and kindly feelings of her many friends were evinced by the testimonial which was presented to her on the above date, and which took the form of a handsome tea and coffee service in silver, bearing the following inscription:—

"Presented to Mrs. Saltmarsh by the Rt. Hon. Lord Petre and other gentlemen, who for many years received her kind hospitality at the meet of the Staghounds on her Farm at High Easter. 1876."

At the breakfast at her house on the 12th inst., the Honble. Henry Petre, in a few well-chosen words, presented the testimonial, paying a graceful compliment to Mrs. Saltmarsh's thoroughly English qualities of kindness and hospitality, displayed by her to friends and strangers alike who might meet under her roof; and in felicitous terms he uttered a passing regret that the lady herself did not take part in the sport of which she was so delightful a supporter. Mr. Petre added that her kindness of heart seemed to be well known and appreciated not only by the hunting men, but by the deer of Essex as well, as they, too, when under very hot pursuit, often made straight for the grateful shelter of her farm. He then, on behalf of his brother (Lord Petre) and the members of the hunt, begged the lady's acceptance of the gift. Mr. Patmore, of Willingale, returned thanks in very happy terms for his relative, Mrs. Saltmarsh, saying, on her behalf, that he hoped the staghounds would meet for many years to come at High Easter, where the members of the hunt would always find a hearty welcome, and where their kind hostess would always be proud to exercise her traditional hospitality. A Member of the Hunt then proposed Mrs. Saltmarsh's health, wishing her and her daughters long life and happiness, and the toast was enthusiastically honoured. In the list of subscribers to the testimonial we read the names of Lord Petre, The Honble. Henry Petre, The Honble. Frederick Petre, Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton, Bart., Mr. Edward N. Buxton, Mr. Osgood Hanbury, Mr. Anthony Trollope, Mr. T. Usborne, Mr. C. P. Wood, Mr. T. Massiter, Mr. Maddox Cory, Capt. Gilliat, Mr. W. Willett, Mr. C. Hope, Mr. Percy Saunders, Mr. T. Whitfield, Mr. Henry Garrett, Mr. Tabor, Mr. Rayner, Mr. G. Baker, and many others.

THE RUN.

The deer was uncared at 1.15, in the valley east of the farm, and after twenty minutes law the master laid on the hounds. The deer at once took a line at a rapid pace, running westward by High Easter Brook, and turning smartly to the left up to Screen's, so heading over a stiff line of country and pointing for Willingale turned sharply to the right and made straight for the Fyfield river. Here a check took place, the deer having crossed the Roden. The master, by a judicious cast over the river, quickly hit off the line, and after a few hard fences the deer was viewed again taking water. The hounds were now checked, but after a few minutes the deer went away straight for Norton Heath. Here the country seemed hard to negotiate. The deer now heading sharp to the right, made his way to Forest Hall, the residence of Mr. Newall, and running through the park recrossed the Roden and headed back for Fyfield, making right away for Beauchamp Church. Turning into the farmstead he made for the pond, where he was taken by that hard-goer Mr. Crush. Amongst those well up we noticed the Master, Mr. Saunders, on Needle-gun (and no wonder), Mr. Deacon, the veteran Mr. Whitfield, Mr. Maddox Cory, Capt. Gilliat, Mr. Caton, Mr. Hope, Mr. Osgood Hanbury, &c., &c. Time, 2 hrs. 5 mins.

IT is said on good authority that the King of Portugal, Don Luiz I., is engaged upon a translation of Shakspeare's tragedy of Hamlet. The translation is made entirely in prose, and extends already to the fifth act. Don Luiz is a good scholar, and probably is as well, if not better, acquainted with the English language than with the Portuguese.—*Athenaeum*.

SALE AMATEUR DRAMATIC CLUB.—The opening performance of the season took place on Friday evening the 8th inst., when Tom Taylor's *Babes in the Wood* and *The Spitalfields Weaver* were presented before a numerous and fashionable audience. In the first piece Mesdames Nelly Claremont, Travers Burns, and Katie Nott, from the Theatre Royal, Manchester, did excellent service by the efficient manner in which they rendered the characters entrusted to them. Mr. H. Lynne (Frank Rushton) is always effective, and plays like a true artist in everything he undertakes. Mr. Towle was very good indeed as Beetle, and we must certainly compliment him upon his very careful and quaint delivery of the somewhat lengthy speeches put into the mouth of that long suffering and hard worked individual. Messrs. Pagden (Earl of Lazenby), Lloyd (Mr. Slidell), A. T. Forrest (Sir George Loosestrife) and Ingram (Peacock) may rest well contented that their exertions were thoroughly appreciated, and we may remark, en passant, that Mr. Pagden's exhibition of grief and anxiety, on his daughter's account, had something of the true ring about it, and was visibly felt by the audience. We think we should not be doing adequate justice to Mr. Rumsey, if we did not express our opinion, which we know was shared in by many present, that his conception and working out of the part of "Todd, a bill discounter" was the "hit" of the evening. The character in itself is an ordinary one, but the "make up" by this gentleman, presented a little, wiry, old man with an expression of low cunning in every line of his weasel-like countenance. The rapid nervous movement of the hands and feet, the grating voice, and above all the fiendish little chuckle over his misdeeds were perfect, and insensibly brought to the recollection of the writer the character of "Melter Moss" as played by the late George Vincent at the Olympic Theatre some eleven years ago. We should state, in concluding our notice of this very pleasing performance, that the characters were dressed with that careful regard to details always expected from the acting members of this society, and that to the stage manager, Mr. R. S. Nadin, great praise is due for the short "waits," and general success of the entire performance.

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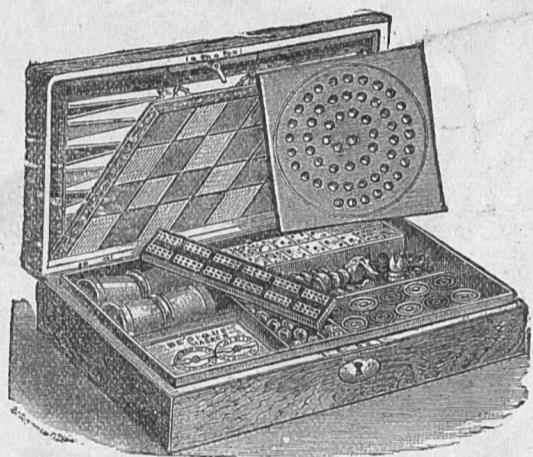
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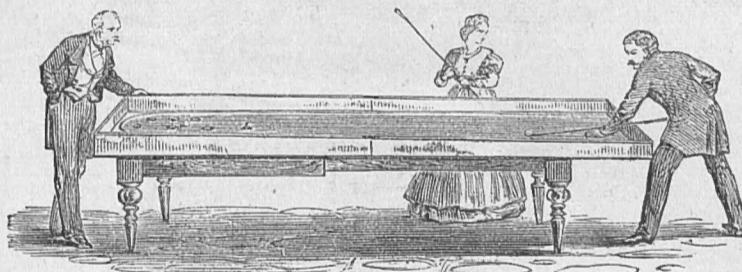
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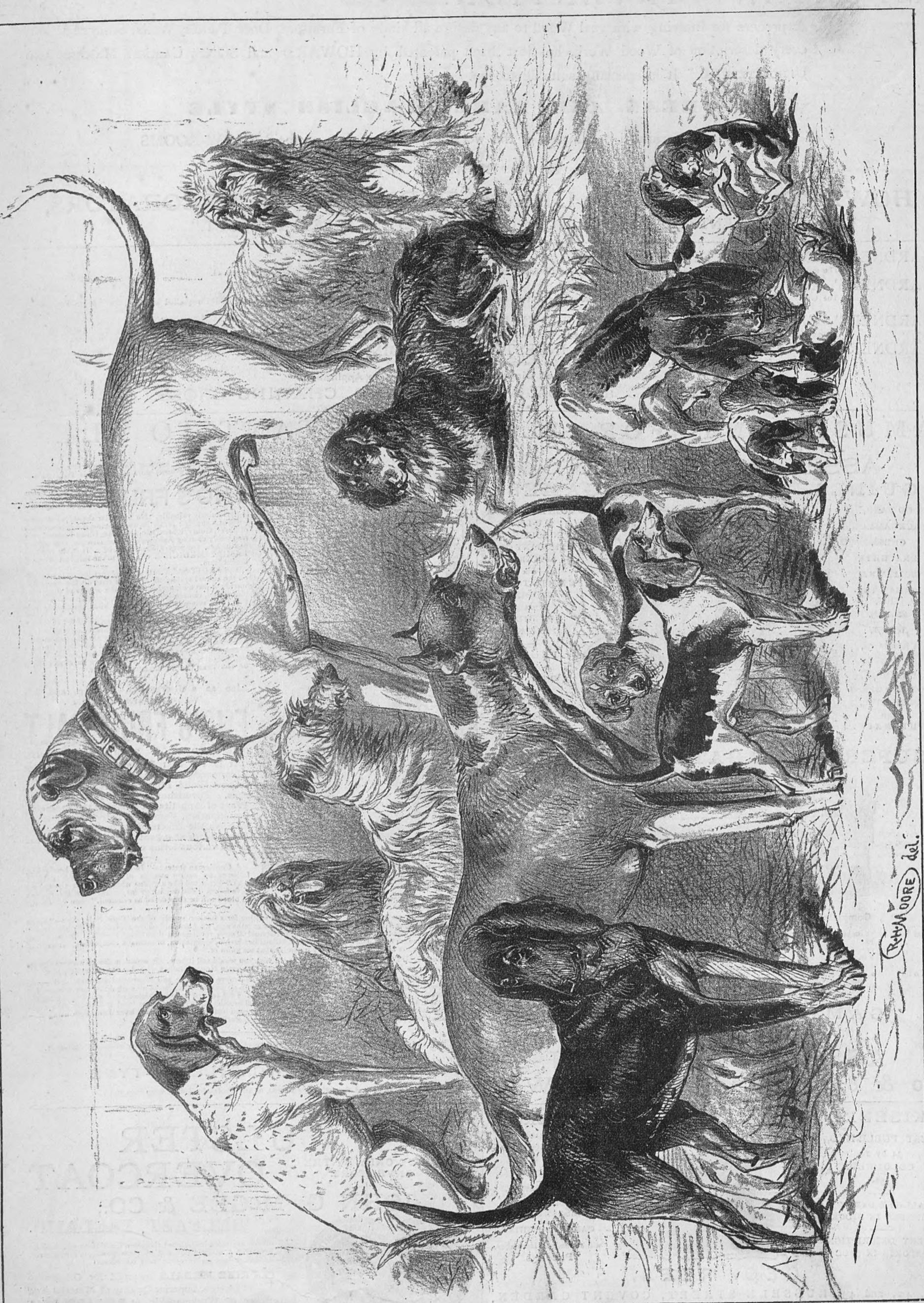
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